Dr A H Strickler
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The Messenger.

"As the Truth is in Jesus."

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Poetry.

THE CITY OF THE JASPER WALL.

The city of the jasper wall,
And of the pearly gate!
For thee, amid the storms of life,
Our weary spirits wait.
We long to walk the streets of gold,
No mortal feet have trod;
We long to worship at the shrine,
The temple of our God!
O home of bliss! O land of light!
Where falleth neither shade nor blight—
Of every land the brightest, best—
When shall we there find peace and rest?

O city where they need no light
Of sun, or moon, or star,
Could we with the eye of faith but see
How bright thy mansions are,
How soon our doubts would flee away,
How strong our trust would grow,
Until our hearts would lean no more
On trifles here below.
O home of bliss! O land of light!
Where falleth neither shade nor blight—
Of every land the brightest, best—
When shall we there find peace and rest?

O city where the pearly gates
Shut out all grief and sin,
Well may we yearn amid earth's strife
Thy holy peace to win.
Yet meekly must we bear the cross,
Nor seek to lay it down
Until our Father brings us home
And gives the promised crown.
O home of bliss! O land of light!
Where falleth neither shade nor blight—
Of every land the brightest, best—
Soon shall we there find peace and rest.

Communications.

For The Messenger.

RAMBLES IN LONDON.

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

When, in early childhood, we cried over the pathetic story of the little princes, who were murdered by their cruel uncle in the Tower of London, we pictured to our imagination a single lofty tower as the scene of that dreadful tragedy. No doubt there are many persons in this country who retain the impression which the name so naturally conveys. The Tower of London is, however, in reality, an immense fortress, situated in the heart of the city, and including within its fortifications no less than twelve acres of ground. It contains a cluster of sixteen or seventeen ancient towers, besides many other important edifices. A numerous garrison is always kept there; and the old fortress would still be formidable in case of riot or rebellion.

It is impossible to fix the date of the foundation of the Tower, with any degree of exactness. Tradition affirms that one of the smaller towers was erected by Julius Cæsar, but of this there is no proof. It is, however, pretty certain that a large building, known as the White Tower was begun by William the Conqueror in 1078; and there are evidences that the place was fortified at a much earlier period. "The history of the Tower," says Hewitt, "is the history of England." Here during mediæval times the Norman monarchs held their court; and here, at a later period, many of the noblest men of England were imprisoned, tortured, and beheaded.

A traveler who desires to make the most of his time ought to start out early in the morning. On the day which we had set apart for a visit to the Tower we left our lodgings early, and wandered down to the river. Little steamboats ply up and down the Thames, and for a penny we had a delightful ride. Then we lounged awhile on London bridge—the wonderful structure which according to a well known nursery rhyme is always "breaking down," and yet has never fallen. A great crowd was already crossing, consisting principally of laborers going to their work, with here and there a gentleman taking his morning "constitutional." At nine o'clock we presented ourselves at the portal of the Tower and were soon admitted.

You cross the draw-bridge over the moat, and then pass through another portal, which is closed by letting down a heavy gate of lattice work, known in military language as a portcullis. A red-coated warder conducts you through a number of the most celebrated towers, some of which have walls thirteen feet in thickness. You are shown the dungeon in which Sir Walter Raleigh was confined at night, though he is said to have been allowed to walk in the corridors by day. It is little more than a hole in the wall, hardly fit for a dog's kennel. You are admitted to the dungeons once occupied by Anne Boleyn, Catharine Howard, Lady Jane Grey, Sir Thomas More, Bishop Fisher, and many other celebrated state prisoners; and are afterward conducted to the spot on Tower Green which was once crimsoned with their blood. In the "Bloody Tower" you behold the traditionary scene of the murder of the little princes, and creep into the vault in which, it is said, their bones were subsequently found.

In one of the towers we saw the instruments of torture which were employed in those dark and bloody times for the purpose of extorting confessions. There are the thumbscrews, which compressed the thumbs of the victim between two pieces of iron by means of a screw, until his sufferings were insupportable; the "collar of torment," weighing fourteen pounds, and studded on the inside with pointed iron knobs; and, worst of all, the "Scavenger's Daughter," an instrument for confining the whole body, and crushing it by degrees, while it inflicted pain of the most agonizing description. These are horrible sights. Let us hasten away!

Passing through the court-room, in which Anne Boleyn and others were condemned to death, we enter the Armory, which consists of several interesting apartments. Long rows of equestrian figures line the walls, arrayed in suits of armor, which in many instances were worn by English monarchs on celebrated occasions. Some of them are enriched with jewels and are exceedingly handsome. Here are thousands of weapons, all arranged in the most exquisite order, from the ancient battle-axe to the modern rifle.

We now enter the Regalia room, where the precious treasures, with which English sovereigns are invested at their coronation, may be seen for a sixpence. They are arranged in an enclosure, lined with white satin, and fronted with large panes of plate glass. The crown and the other jewels of State are said to have cost the enormous sum of thirty millions of dollars. We had no need to inquire their value; for Artemas Ward had been there before us, and had astonished the stiff-backed custodians by inquiring, what would be the price of a similar crown, which, he said, he thought of purchasing and taking home as a present for Mrs. Ward.

After seeing the show we lingered awhile in the court-yard, where the "Royal Beefeaters" were parading. It was time for lunch, and we returned to our hotel, well satisfied with our visit to the Tower of London.

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

On the afternoon of the same day we took another of our favorite rides on the top of an omnibus, as far as the Zoological Gardens. We will not attempt to describe this magnificent collection of birds and animals. Any one who has visited the Philadelphia "Zoo" can form a general idea of the London collection, though the latter is, of course, much more extensive. Near the entrance is the Parrot house, which is occupied by eighty species of the talkative bird. One old fellow, a brilliant macaw, chained to his perch, screamed at the top of his voice, and played all kinds of antics until he had attracted our attention; then he looked at us solemnly, and said: "Go along, you old fool!"

The African elephants and hippopotami were bathing in immense tanks. Goethe would have said that they felt "*ganz kannibalisch wohl;*" for they splashed and spouted until, to their evident delight, the nearest bystanders were wet to the skin. In an adjoining enclosure seven long-necked giraffes were quietly exploring the tops of the overhanging trees. At four o'clock the feeding of the lions and tigers caused a tremendous uproar. After they had dined they were all very quiet, and one of the attendants reached through the bars and examined the teeth of a Bengal tiger. We remarked that the beast had probably become less savage on account of his long confinement. "Well!" replied the attendant, "I can venture to play with this old fellow; but I would not advise you to get within reach of his claws."

One of the most interesting features of this great menagerie is the extraordinary attention which is devoted to the comfort of the various animals. Even the surrounding vegetation is made, as far as possible, to conform to that to which they were accustomed in their native land. We subsequently visited the "Thiergarten," at Berlin, and the "Jardin des Plantes" at Paris; but we do not think either of them was in this respect quite equal to the Zoological Gardens of London.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

One day we made an excursion to the little village of Sydenham in Kent. We were induced to do so by having read the article by Dr. Schaff in the "Mercersburg Review" for July 1859, beginning: "The Crystal Palace at Sydenham alone is worth a trip to Europe." It is a sort of "Permanent Exhibition,"—a reconstruction of the Crystal Palace built in Hyde Park, in 1851, for the purpose of receiving the first World's Fair. Trains leave London Bridge every hour, and bring passengers to Sydenham in less than twenty minutes. Almost every day there is a concert or some other entertainment, and thousands of Londoners visit it as a place of innocent recreation.

The contents of the palace are fully described in Dr. Schaff's article, to which we have just referred, with the exception of the picture gallery, which has been much extended. The center of the vast edifice is occupied by magnificent tropical plants, while along the sides are models of celebrated edifices and monuments, with plaster casts of the most celebrated master-pieces of sculpture. There are courts representing various styles of architecture. A Roman house like those of Pompeii stands side by side with a reproduction of the Court of Lions in the Alhambra. No doubt, by gaslight the whole scene appears indescribably brilliant; but it must be confessed that, like all imitations, it does not look so well in the full light of day. When Dr. Schaff first visited the palace everything was still fresh and brilliant; now some of the colors have faded, and, here and there, a plaster statue has lost a finger or perhaps even the tip of its nose. All this throws over the whole collection an air of cheapness and tawdry imitation, which renders it likely to disappoint a visitor of artistic tastes.

HYDE PARK.

We spent a part of the evening of the same day in Hyde Park, where the Crystal Palace originally stood. The park itself, which covers about four hundred acres, is by no means equal to the Central Park, in New York, or the Bois de Boulogne, in Paris; but it is pleasant to sit in the shade and watch the equipages of the nobility and gentry. Here the wealth and pride of London are most fully displayed. The carriages frequently have a heavy, lumbering appearance; but are brilliantly decorated with coats of arms and other *insignia* of nobility. The coachmen and footmen often appear distinguished and intellectual, while the nobleman within the carriage looks bloated and stupid. If "Jeems" and "Milord" could permanently change places, it is not likely that the world would be greatly the loser.

J. H. D.

Selections.

THE POWER OF THE GOSPEL.

There is, perhaps, no aspect of their work so discouraging to the ministry as the indisputable fact that the majority of congregations are not what they ought to be in point of numbers. Of all the trials the ministry are called to endure, preaching to empty pews is the most severe; yet it is one that is common to nearly all who preach. Published figures show that an astonishingly small portion of the people, especially in our cities, hear preaching, and that, though the number of church sittings is far less than the population, yet those sittings are not nearly filled.

The great problem of the average pastor is to remedy this state of things, and in some way awaken an interest in his ministry of the word. Besides his proper work, he feels burdened with the infinitely more difficult task of securing hearers from among those who feel no interest in him or his message. The failure, in many cases, is not only a source of discouragement, but the occasion of strong temptations to resort to clap-trap, questionable methods of advertisement, a sensational style of preaching, and, gravest of all, the temptation to modify the truth to suit the taste of the multitude—to "preach another gospel" than that of Jesus Christ. These temptations are increased by the fact that some who yield to them succeed in securing larger audiences than many who adhere to the apostolic methods.

Under such circumstances the preacher must revert to the terms of his commission, and remember that his only sure guarantee of success in the ministry is the power of the gospel. That guarantee is the power of God, and does all that Omnipotence can do to save men. It is God's chosen agency for the salvation of the world, and He stands pledged to give it efficiency wherever it is preached in its purity, saying, It shall not return unto me void, but accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it. The terms of every preacher's commission limit him to the one work of preaching the gospel of Christ. This he is bound to do, whether men "will bear or forbear." He has no right to do anything else, and is pronounced "accursed" if he venture to "preach any other gospel." He is not called to provide hearers for himself by resorting to the arts of the demagogue or the rhetorician, and catering to the low tastes and preferences of men. He is not responsible for the results of his preaching, or for the number of his hearers. He is only responsible for being personally imbued with the spirit of the gospel, and for preaching it in all fulness by his life and in his pulpit. If he is conscious that he preaches and lives "a whole gospel," he may confidently expect fruit, and has a right to exonerate himself from all blame if men refuse to hear. He can say with the apostle: "If our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost: In whom the god of this world hath blinded the minds of them which believed not, lest the light of the glorious gospel of Christ, who is the image of God, should shine unto them. For we preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord."

If the gospel of power does not save men, they cannot be saved by any other means. And if the faithful proclamation of the gospel does not secure a hearing, it is not the fault of the preacher, but of those who refuse to hear. The time foretold by St. Paul has come, "when they will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables."

The faithful minister need not blame himself for the refusal of such people to hear him, or be tempted to adapt his message to their perverted taste. There is no conceivable substitute for the plain and simple gospel of Christ, and it is gross infidelity to his high calling, and utterly useless, for any minister to attempt to win and save men by any other means.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*

Pride cannot bear reproof, but humility bows before it.

THE WORD MYSTERY.

There is a word characteristic indeed generally of St. Paul, but characteristic specially of the Epistle to the Ephesians, in which it is employed six times, and each time with remarkable emphasis. Now, two rules of verbal criticism in such a case are that we do not introduce into the word any meanings which belong to later times, and that we interpret it according to the analogy of its use by the writer elsewhere. The word to which I refer is the term "*mystery.*" As used by St. Paul, it denotes a secret once hid, but now revealed; and when he uses this word he lays the stress, not on the thought of obscurity, but on the thought of illumination. His employment of this language is a distinct metaphor drawn from one of the conspicuous institutions of that day, which were all around him wherever he went. The home of the Eleusinian mysteries was on the way between Athens and Corinth; and he passed by that place. Initiation into mysteries was a subject very familiar to the region of the churches of "Asia." St. Paul, too, has mysteries—secrets which no human mind could discover, but which are now to be everywhere revealed. He goes about as a hierophant of Eleusis to initiate the world. The Bishop of Lincoln quotes Ignatius as saying of St. Paul that he addresses the Ephesians as those who had been initiated into the mysteries along with himself. The point of essential consequence is to remember that this apostle, in the context of the places where he employs this word, always speaks, not of darkness and obscurity, but of open and unrestricted revelation. No better instance could be given than that very doxology of the Epistle to the Romans. Commentators often waver and are weak in their remarks on this apostolic word "mystery;" and the reason, I am persuaded, is this—that they do not throw themselves boldly and freely on the fact that in St. Paul's usage it is a metaphor drawn from a familiar institution of the society in which he lived. "Great is the mystery of godliness—God *manifest* in the flesh, *preached* to the Gentiles, *believed* on in the world;" and here I believe that we have again the fragment of an early hymn. This might be termed the mystery of Christmas. "Behold I *shew* you a mystery: we shall not all sleep." Whatever was dark before in regard to the resurrection must now give place to light. Everywhere men are to be told that we shall rise again. This might be termed the revelation or mystery of Easter. And now with respect to the "mysteries" in this epistle. First, there is that great revelation, which then was a wonder, though now we take it as a matter of course—and which St. Paul proclaimed everywhere—that, without any previous conditions, the Gentiles were admitted to the blessings of the gospel on equal terms with the Jews. This, if we may be excused for following the same line of thought, might be termed the mystery of the Epiphany. And a second "mystery," or revealed secret, is named in another part of this document, where it is declared that the relation between Christ and His Church is so close and tender that it is represented by that earthly relation which is the most intimate and the best. "What I am here speaking of," says the apostle, "is the union of Christ and His Church." No human power could have discovered this truth. Now it is to be made known everywhere. And might we not say, inasmuch as the union between Christ and His people is maintained through the Spirit, that we have here the mystery of Whitsun-tide? Of those who attend the meetings of the Church Congress, very many hold the clerical office. On those of us who are invested with this responsibility it is specially incumbent to catch the true meaning of St. Paul in these passages, to drink deeply of its spirit, to observe in such instances the analogy and proportion of the faith; for we, in succession to the apostles, are the appointed "stewards" of these "mysteries."—*Dean Howson.*

Look at Jehovah in His infinite love, omnipotent power, unsearchable riches, universal dominion, unsullied holiness, eternal veracity, and unspeakable glory; and then you may say, "This God is my God for ever and ever, and all that He has is mine: why then cast down?"

Family Reading.

LITTLE THINGS.

We call him strong who stands unmoved.—
Calm as some tempest-beaten rock—
When some great trouble hurls its shock;
We say of him, his strength is proved:
But when the spent storm folds its wings,
How bears he then life's little things?

About his brow we twine our wreath
Who seeks the battle's thickest smoke,
Braves flashing gun and sabre-stroke,
And scoffs at danger, laughs at death;
We praise him till the whole land rings:
But is he brave in little things?

We call him great who does some deed
That echo bears from shore to shore—
Does that, and then does nothing more;
Yet would his work earn richer meed,
When brought before the King of kings,
Were he but great in little things.

We closely guard our castle gates
When great temptations loudly knock,
Draw every bolt, clinch every lock,
And sternly fold our bars and gates;
Yet some small door wide open swings
At the sly touch of little things.

I can forgive—'tis worth my while—
The treacherous blow, the cruel thrust;
Can bless my foe as Christian must,
While patience smiles her royal smile;
Yet quick resentment fiercely slings
Its shots of ire at little things.

And I can tread beneath my feet
The hills of passion's heaving sea,
When wind-tossed waves roll stormily;
Yet scarce resist the siren sweet
That at my heart's door softly sings,
"Forget, forget life's little things."

But what is life? Drops make the sea;
And petty cares and small events,
Small causes and small consequents,
Make up the sum for you and me;
Then, oh, for strength to meet the stings
That arm the points of little things!

PERFECT PEACE.

Never to walk again! Was it strange that life looked dark and wearisome to Lillie Allen, with those words sounding in her ears? Only eighteen years old, her school course just completed, with a heart full of hopes and plans for the future, doomed for a lifetime to a bed or chair; never to walk, even as far as the window on the other side of the room. Could anything be more trying to an active, lively girl?

And a single moment had brought all this sorrow. A merry party of classmates had gone out to celebrate their graduation at the village academy by a picnic excursion to Glen Crystal. The sunshine and the sparkling water were not brighter than their faces as, laughing and joking, they climbed over the rocks in search of ferns and mosses. But a single careless step backward, as a companion called to her, and in the midst of the sunshine and merry-making, Lillie lay helpless and unconscious upon a ledge twenty feet below. That was two months ago, and during all those weeks she had lain, weary and often suffering most intensely, but still expecting soon to be up again. But this morning, this bright August morning, the doctor had pronounced the terrible words that she should never be able to use her feet again. Kindly and tenderly had the words been spoken, and the hope had been expressed that in a few weeks a chair might be procured in which she could be made comfortable. Father had stood by her bed with a sorrowful face while the doctor talked, and only said, "My precious child!" as he kissed her. Mother had come in, and kneeling with her arms clasped around her child's neck, had wept long and bitterly. But still Lillie lay silent and wondering.

The hours passed slowly by, the dainty dinner prepared for the invalid was sent away untasted. She could see through the window as she lay, but she did not notice the pure August lilies that blossomed so beautifully by the path. The fragrance of lily and honeysuckle wafted through the window by the gentle breeze was all unheeded as those words echoed in her ears again and again unceasingly, "Never walk! never walk! never! never!"

But now, as the shadows lengthened and the afternoon was drawing to a close, the thought began to take more definite shape in her mind. She realized more fully what the burden was that had come to her young life, and turning her face to the wall, she felt the hot tears roll down her cheeks upon the pillow. This was what it meant, those weeks of waiting and of pain. She had wondered much at the numbness in her limbs, at the visit of the strange physicians a few days ago, at the evasive answers to all her questions; but never, in the most discouraged hour, had this thought even suggested itself to her.

"O, how can I bear it? Why must it be?"

She did not see the gate open and some one come up the path to the door. She did not hear her own door open, nor was she conscious of any presence, until she felt a cool hand on her hot brow and heard a sweet voice say, "My darling Lillie!" Then turning quickly she saw dear Cousin Mabel, who had always been her confidante and adviser in all school girl joys and sorrows. Very sweet and pleasant did she look in her white dress and blue ribbons, with a cluster of pansies in her hair, as she seated herself beside the bed. She took Lillie's hot hand in one of hers, and gently stroking her hair with the other, looked lovingly into the sad, tear-stained face.

"O, Mabel, do you know?" was Lillie's first question.

"Yes, darling, I know all about it, and I can never tell you how I have sorrowed for you."

"O, but Mabel, how can I bear it? Why must it be? It would be so much easier to die. Why could not my head have struck the stone so that I might have been killed at once? I had so many plans and hopes. Father and mother have no one but me, and I wanted to be such a help and comfort to them, now that I am through school. But I can never be anything but a burden. O dear! O dear!"

Quietly and lovingly the cool, soft hand pressed back and forth over the fevered brow until Lillie's eagerness had spent itself. Then in gentle tones Mabel said:

"Lillie, darling, let me tell you some of the thoughts that have come to me about you to day. For I have been thinking of you all day as I have been too busy to come to you, for I knew what Dr. Graham was going to tell you this morning. Do you remember that Sabbath evening last fall, the day when you united with the church, when you were telling me how bright and beautiful everything seemed to you? You said that you were so happy in Jesus' love, but that you were afraid lest other things should come in and take your thoughts away from Him; you had so many things to think of—your studies, your music, your school friends, and your plans for home work. You said that you had nothing to do but to think of Jesus. And now, dear, that our Father has taken away some of these temptations and shut you up more to Himself, cannot you trust that it all means love?

I did not tell you then how He taught me through a very different experience. When I first thought that I had begun to love the Saviour I was a lazy, idle girl, with nothing to do but to enjoy myself from morning till night. Such a life was not satisfying, nor was it of a kind to develop a strong Christian character. I had many doubts and fears, and I used to wish for something to take my thoughts away from myself. And the 'something' came, in a way that I never could have chosen. Father died so suddenly, you know, and mother was sick for so many years, and with her to nurse and all the younger children to care for, I have never known to this day what it is to be free from care. I have had to work hard and plan closely sometimes to make both ends meet, but I have learned that all of each day's care and weariness has come from God, and I think that I can trust Him always. 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because he trusteth in Thee.' The peace came to me in the midst of constant work which God had appointed, and I think that He wants to teach you the same lesson in the 'lying still' which He has chosen for you.

'I only long that my eyes may be
Steadily fixed on Him, that He
May guide me at His will,
That my hands may be faithful in work begun
And my willing feet on His errands run,
Or, when He bids, stand still.'

And I think, darling, that you will find work to do in your chair, that we who have to run on the Master's errands could not do half so well."

So quietly and soothingly did the kind friend talk until Lillie's mother was through with the business that had called her away, and Mabel was obliged to return to her own home duties.

Three years have passed since that day, and still our Lillie sits or lies from day to day, often weary and suffering, but at peace. Do not think my little story incomplete because I can tell of no wonderful physician who has wrought a miraculous cure in that sick-room. Only the Great Physician is at work there, and His work has been to purify and comfort the soul. These years have not been spent in idleness. Work did come to Lillie. Many of those village homes are beautified with specimens of her handiwork. Many a comfort of which her parents would have had to deny themselves has found its way into their home through Lillie's means; for she is earning something by teaching a class of little boys and girls who gather in her room every day. Her sick-room too is the favorite resort of her young friends, who come with all their secrets and plans to this one who has had to give up all active life for herself. Her sympathy is always ready, and one of these friends upon whose life many burdens have been laid, says that after a hard day's work it rests her just to look at Lillie.

It is not always easy. There come days, and even weeks, when the little scholars must be sent away, the crochet work and embroidery laid aside, even the precious Bible closed, and Lillie must lie in a darkened room, with eyes bandaged, in an agony of pain, with only enough of consciousness to long for release. Those who love her best can only wish for her sake, that she might be taken home, sadly as she would be missed by all who know her. But they have learned with Lillie the sweetness of leaving all with One who knows what is best, and so they are kept in peace:

"That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it cannot see;
Nor deems the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with Thee."

—*Christian Weekly.*

FAITH IN THE FAMILY.

One of the most intelligent women I have ever known, the Christian mother of a large family of children, used to say that the education of children was eminently one of faith. She never heard the tramping of her boys' feet in the house, or listened to their noisy shouting in their play, or watched their unconscious slumbers, without an inward, earnest prayer to God for wisdom to train them, and for the spirit of the Highest to guide them. She ming'ed prayer with counsel and restraint; and the counsel was the wiser, and the restraint was the stronger, for this alliance of the human and divine elements in her instruction and discipline. And at length, when her children became men and women, accustomed to the hard strife of the world, her name was the dearest one they could speak; and she who "had fed their bodies from her own spirit's life," who had taught their feet to walk, their tongues to speak and pray, and illumined their consciences with the great lights of righteousness and duty, held their reverence and love, increased a thousand-fold by the remembrance of an early education, that had its inspiration in faith in God, and its fruit in the noble lives of upright, faithful men.—*Presbyterian.*

THE CHILDREN AND THE PREACHING SERVICE.

Sunday Schools are not yet a century old. Their rapid growth has certainly been marvellous. Among the first to see their importance was John Wesley, who wrote thus in his invaluable journals: "I find these schools springing up wherever I go. Perhaps God may have a deeper end therein than men are aware of. Who knows but some of these schools may become nurseries for Christians." Since Wesley wrote, these schools have multiplied a thousand-fold and are attached to all Christian churches, and if there was ever any opposition to them, it has long since died away.

There is, however, an evil which must be guarded against. In some places the children generally neglect to attend the preaching services. The Sunday School is all in all to them, and they seem to consider it as "the children's church." They regard the preaching service as intended solely for grown-up people, and not at all for them, and they stay away from it. It is not difficult to foresee the result of this neglect. These children will soon be too old (in their own opinions) to attend the school as scholars, and unless they have already formed the habit of attending the preaching service, they will drift away from all church influence.

As yet, the evil is confined to certain localities. But it is an evil which is spreading, and ought to be promptly checked. For the Sunday School is certainly not a substitute for the public ministrations of the Word. Teaching in the class is a good thing, but preaching includes teaching and something more.

The orator is more than an instructor. Both parents and teachers should use their influence, and even their authority, if they have any, to bring the children to public service in the house of God. If the child cannot attend both the preaching service and the Sunday School, then the preference should be given to the former. On this point our convictions are deep and clear.

Certain it is that the founders and first promoters of Sunday Schools never dreamed of drawing away the children from the regular public services of the church. They intended that the children should attend these. Robert Raikes says, in describing his school: "Upon the Sunday afternoon the mistresses take their scholars to church. They assemble at the house of one of the mistresses, and walk before her to church, two and two, in as much order as a company of soldiers."

But in these days in many congregations it will be found that only the older members of the family are present. The children with few exceptions are missing. The remedy rests with the parents; it is for them to say whether they will use their authority wisely in this matter. Good-natured indulgence of the whims of children is quite as bad as the exercise of severe authority. Parents, especially Christian parents, should take care that their children form the habit of listening to the public preaching of the Word. Preachers are willing to do their part toward making the sermon interesting to the lambs of the flock, and if the parents do their part and bring the children with them, the power of the Church would in time be greatly increased.—*Methodist.*

THE HIDDEN WISDOM OF GOD.

The mind of a pious workman, named Thierney, was much occupied with the ways of God, which appeared to him full of inscrutable mysteries. The two question, "How?" and "Why?" were constantly in his thoughts—whether he considered his own life, or the dispensations of Providence in the government of the world.

One day, in visiting a ribbon manufactory, his attention was attracted by an extraordinary piece of machinery. Countless wheels and thousands of threads were twirling in all directions; he could understand nothing of its movements.

He was informed, however, that all this motion was connected with the center, where there was a chest which was kept shut. Anxious to understand the principle of the machine, he asked permission to see the interior.

"The master has the key," was the reply.

The words were like a flash of light. Here was the answer to all the perplexed thoughts. Yes, the Master has the key. He governs and directs all. It is enough. What need I know more? He hath also established them for ever and ever; He hath made a decree which shall not pass.

MOTHER THOUGHTS.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

Darning little stockings for a pair of tiny feet,
As I sit beside the trundle-bed to-night;
Darning little stockings, and thinking thoughts so sweet,
Making mother-plans and weaving visions bright,
Humming, By, baby, by!
For the stars are in the sky,
And the lambs have gone to slumber long ago,
And the merry, sunny day
Has hidden itself away,
So shut thine eyes and sleep. By, baby, oh!

Oh! the thoughts thus come so freely, as swiftly to and fro
O'er the stocking small my busy needle flies:
From the past and through the present to the future, how they go,
Coming back again to where my baby lies
In his dainty trundle-bed,
Where the curly, golden head
On the little snowy pillow finds its rest,
While the moments each take wing,
As my slumber-song I sing
To my own wee birdling in his easy nest.

Oh! baby could thy mother the future make for thee,
How smooth the path thine eager feet should tread;
The years which lie before thee, how happy they should be;
How bright life's skies above thy darling head.
But oh! by, baby, by!
We can only, thou and I,
Trust the mercy which has given thee to me;
As the dawn must follow night,
So will shadows change to light,
And thy mother's heart will hold no fears for thee.

—*Independent.*

FASHIONABLE FOULNESS IN FICTION.

A cynical Frenchman or a much traveled adventuress of no nationality may gain admission to the ranks of literature with elaborately garnished stories from the slums and bagnios or from the scandals of the divorce courts, but Anglo-Saxon readers at least should shut the vile rubbish from their libraries. Anglo-Saxon ideas of society and human life are not those of Zola and "Ouida." With that race the sensual was never uppermost even in its rudest days, when brutality of the roughest sort might be laid to its charge. It believes in the purity of woman, the fidelity of man, the sanctity of home and the family, and the possibility of a society in which the passions are controlled by a sense of duty and of right. With them the love of man and woman is not an animal appetite to be sated and then to give place to indifference or aversion. It is a holy sentiment on which life-long companionship and helpfulness are to be based, and from which spring the sweet influences of domestic life and the graces of personal virtue and integrity. The Anglo Saxon mind is not tolerant of infidelity or profligate practices cloaked by social pretensions, nor does it find entertainment in the garbage of the slums and the arts of unseemly housekeeps. It regards society as made up of families, in which decency is held in esteem, where the rose remains on the fair forehead of an innocent love and is not displaced by a blister, and where marriage vows are not rated with dicers' oaths. Society has in it healthful currents and the substance of a sound constitution.

Upon this fair domain of our literature these foreign purveyors of infection—for "Ouida" has no claim to the title of English-woman—are permitted to intrude. They turn the gutters into our wholesome gardens, and cast the uncleanness of the divorce court about our hearthstones. The rubbish which, in flaring pictorial weeklies, is excluded from respectable kitchens, is elaborated and embellished in gilt bindings and admitted to the parlor-table. It is the last tricklings of that ribald literature which has run through history in a happily decreasing current from the old times when human passion was deified, and the rule of the senses was hardly resisted.

Pruriency and that alone is gratified, and at the same time excited and intensified, by this kind of reading. Pure taste and virtuous inclination find nothing congenial in it, and respectable drawing-rooms should as sternly close their doors against it as they against the characters that pervade it.—*N. A. Review.*

INNOCENT GAIETY.

It should not be a cause of surprise that gaiety and liveliness are objects of universal encouragement and commendation; they are as we may perceive from daily experience, absolutely necessary for the maintenance of good will among men; nay, we assert that the very existence of society would be questioned if these incitements to mutual converse were wanting in the human heart, to say nothing of their contributing to bodily health. The mind of every man is by nature inclined to cheerfulness, and swayed by a desire to indulge in pursuits which will gratify this natural propensity. Even the gloomy misanthrope will find it an arduous task to restrain this eagerness of the soul for objects which call forth pleasure or awaken vivid sensations of delight. Cold, indeed, must be the philosophy of him who would subdue the gladdening temperament of his nature, and substitute an austere severity and a rigid indifference to the innocent amusements of the world! It would be absurd to imagine that melancholy could be consonant with the feelings of a man as a gregarious creature. Few or none of the tender sensibilities which at present unite him with his fellow-men could exist if each individual were induced by a selfish thoughtlessness and an utter distaste for what might excite animation or sprightliness; each would be a morose Timon, and the very links of social intercourse would be dissevered. But the mysterious sensitiveness which pervades the heart, and the vibration of the ligaments of which it is composed, manifestly denote that we are created for friendly union and social enjoyment. We need not, then, frustrate or endeavor to stifle our inclination to vivacity; but, by a seasonable moderation, temper it so that it degenerates not into extravagant mirth. The last is to be avoided, as the former should be supported and countenanced. But though liveliness and cheerfulness are deserving encouragement, and qualifications much to be desired, it is requisite that the heart be at times open to serious reflections. It is requisite that we should at times feel sated; that we should participate in the sadness of disappointment, and be taught by dejection to ponder on the littleness and vanity of the world, the almost incredible inconsistency of man, and the unaccountable varyings of the human condition.

Useful Hints and Recipes.

THE WATER used in mixing bread must be tepid. If it is too hot, the loaves will be full of holes.

A FEW pieces of horseradish-root placed among pickles will prevent scum from gathering on the top of the vinegar.

TO REMOVE grease from wall-paper. Lay several folds of blotting-paper on the spot and hold a hot iron near it until the grease is absorbed.

FOR A DAMP closet or cupboard, which is liable to cause mildew, place in it a saucer full of quicklime, and it will not only absorb all apparent dampness, but sweeten and disinfect the place. Renew the lime once a fortnight or as often as it becomes slaked.

TO PREVENT flies from injuring picture frames, glasses, etc.—Boil three or four onions in a pint of water; then with a gilding brush do over your glasses and frames, and the flies will not alight on the article so washed. This may be used without apprehension, as it will not do the least injury to the frames.

Miscellaneous.

WAITING FOR THE COWS TO COME.

The farm-house wears a modest mien,
The dormer windows quaint and brown;
And through a tangled web of green
The spring-house roof goes sloping down.
A fragrance on the air sweeps by,
Of new-mown hay, all wet with dew;
And on the barn-roof, thatched with rye,
The pigeons softly light and coo.

The lambs upon the upland play,
The sunset spreads its rose-red glare;
The mountain ranges stretch away
Through dreamy paths of purple air.
Beside the bars, beyond the wood,
Within the mellow twilight gloam,
How oft, a bare-foot boy I stood,
To wait until the cows came home!

The battle of my life I fought,
Far from the scenes of boyhood's time—
Yet even in my sleep I sought
To clasp a stronger hand than mine!
I heard again the thresher's flail,
And well-remembered sounds of home,
And watched the evening sunlight pale
While waiting for the cows to come.

CURIOUS SPECIMENS OF PRIMITIVE LITERATURE.

The London *Spectator* says:—Mr. Ralston, in his interesting introduction to Miss Stokes' admirable selection of *Indian Fairy Tales* mentions some of the characteristic resemblances and some of the characteristic differences between the Indian and the Western fairy-tales, but he appears to be thinking rather of the structure and character of the tales themselves, in what he writes, than of the relation of the tales to the character of the people among whom they are current. The tales, however, are very interesting from the latter point of view also. As the representations of a people's fancy, of the people's ideals of evil and good fortune, and the people's character, they are, to our mind, even more interesting than they are merely as tales, and it seems to us worth while to pick out some of the points in which these characteristics differ from those similarly embodied in the traditions of the Western peoples. And in the first place, these Indian fairy-tales seem the stories less of children than of men and women; or if of children, of children who are men and women on a small scale. They are very apt to originate in some deed almost unnatural, not merely the freaks of evil spirits or evil fairies, for that is common enough also in the Western fairy-stories, but in unnatural deeds of men and women resulting from such freaks. Thus, in some of these stories the starving mothers kill and eat their own children, and hardly suffer for it, except negatively by not having the son to rely upon in whom the mother who rejects the horrid food lives to take so much joy and pride. Again, the marvellous child who is to set everything to rights is not a child, as he would be in the Western tales, with a child's dependence and helplessness, but is a little man, who does everything just as the grown-up hero of the Western stories would accomplish it, and without any of the accompaniments of childish life. Again, the assistance rendered to the hero or heroine of the tale by the wonderful instruments they employ is usually at least of a much less essential character, so that one gets the impression that these magical aids or instruments are mere accidents in the story, and not characteristic points of it at all. In the Western tales, one knows at once that if a talking fox or horse has a part to play in the story, this gifted creature will direct the whole machinery of marvel to the end, till its head or tail is cut off, or the process is performed, whatever it may be, which restores it to its primal shapes. But in the Indian fairy-story there is no strong presumption of anything of the kind. For instance, in the story of "The Demon Conquered by the King's Son," number 24, the tiger-cub and the eaglet who follow the young prince and take part in his fortunes are hardly of any use to him at all. They help to restore him to life after the last great struggle, by ripping open the body of the evil fairy by whom he had been swallowed, and sitting upon him to keep him warm till he revives again; but, for the rest, they are mere glorious appendages to his fortunes. The eaglet lends him a certain poetical prestige, by flying over his head "to shield him from the sun," but the tiger cub does not even accompany him in most of his labors at all. In a Western tale, we should have had the most astonishing evidence of wisdom and dexterity ascribed to any such followers. Again, in the Western tales the greatest possible use is made of the magical powers of inanimate objects, such as magic clubs, which do all the fighting for themselves.

The most curious indication of a fanciful Hindoo superstition which we find in this volume is the story of the man who went to seek his fate, and found it in the shape of a prostrate stone—prostrate as symbolizing h's extreme misery—which stone he beat with a thick stick till night fell, when "God sent a soul into the poor man's fate, and it became a man, who stood looking at the poor man, and said, 'Why have you beaten me so much?'" when the man replies, "'Because you were lying down, and I am very poor, and at home my wife and children are starving;'" whereupon the fate rejoins, "Things will go well with you now," and after the soul leaves it remains thereafter standing, and so symbolizing the man's prosperous condition. This, certainly, is anything but a fairy-story, though there are subordinate elements in it of the fairy-story kind. It suggests very powerfully how dead a thing Fate appears to the people's mind in India, that it should be represented by an upright stone for the prosperous, and a prostrate stone for the miserable. Yet the picture of the man belaboring his dead fate with a stick till God gave it a momentary life and voice, seems to us curiously unlike the submissiveness of the average Hindoo nature; while it suggests a singular tolerance in God for this active rebellion against fate, as though the fate were none of His ordering,—betraying the converse of that Greek notion that there is a decree of necessity behind God, the notion, namely, that there is a God behind, though not within, the ordinary decree of necessity. Certainly this story looks as if it expressed the genius of a less patient and resigned race than the Hindoos.

The comic element in the Hindoo fairy-stories is to us hardly comic. It consists in such monstrous exaggerations of feats of strength and skill, that it is difficult to find in them the element of possibility requisite to give impossibility a plausible air. When the wrestler's daughter throws three elephants in one throw on to the roof of the Rajah's palace; when a bundle of camels falls into a Princess' eye; when a mouse runs away, driving a herd of cows before it, we are not amused at the impossibility, as the people among whom these stories are popular evidently must be. It is impossibility within limits,—impossibility hedged in by imaginary conditions which seem, as it were, to make impossibility just possible,—that amuses the Western nature; hence, the elaborate limits which all our fairy-stories impose on the exercise of magic gifts. But in these Indian fairy-stories the fewer the limits imposed on the impossibilities they contain, the more amusing apparently regarded. In the Indian fairy-stories, the bigger the wonder, the more successful is the story. In the Western fairy-stories, the more subtle the conditions by which the wonder is limited, the more successful is the story, as at marvels without limit we should fail to be amused, or even excited. You cannot excite wonder in a Western mind without exhibiting the framework of the wonder—the stops and keys which, if they do not explain, at all events give a sort of law to, the marvellous. But in the Indian fairy-tales, the wonder breaks all bounds, and swells and swells till there is hardly anything visible to the mind except a sort of infinite impossibility.

VERY OLD COINS.

In the Mardorf Forest, a picturesque district of Upper Hesse, a considerable number of ancient golden coin has been recently discovered. These valuable relics of antiquity appear to belong to a prehistoric age. They resemble thick buttons, concave on one side and convex on the other, and bear no date, effigy, or inscription, but are rudely ornamented with bars and curves, roughly executed. Their intrinsic value is about equal to that of the British sovereign or German double-crown. The manner of their discovery, as narrated in the *Neue Preussische Zeitung*, was singularly quaint. On the 18th ultimo the Mardorf swineherd was feeding his pigs in the woods on the so called "Goldberg," near Amoneburg. The weather was still very cold, and his wife, who brought him his dinner wrapped up in a cloth, finding the wind blow shrewdly while she was waiting for him to finish his meal, reproached him for choosing so exposed a spot whereupon to pasture his herd. He replied jestingly, "Who knows? As I am on the Gold Mountain perhaps I shall find a treasure!" and, as he spoke, his eye was attracted to a mole-cast just then in course of being thrown up by an industrious four footed snapper. Glittering among the freshly-turned earth he espied a piece of gold, which he promptly picked up and exhibited in triumph to his astonished spouse. The news of his discovery spread rapidly through the neighborhood, and next day the Mardorf Forest folks flocked to the Goldberg, where they proceeded to dig with energy, their exertions being rewarded by the unearthing of more than 100 well-preserved specimens of this ancient and hitherto unknown coinage.

MAKING PINS.

There are few pieces of machinery more wonderful, or human in their operations, than the machine that makes the pins. A coil of wire is put in at one end, and comes out at the other a paper of polished pins. The operation is thus described by a correspondent of the Boston *Post*: "A small machine, about the height and size of a lady's sewing machine, only stronger, stands before you. On the back side a light belt descends from the long shaft at the ceiling, that drives all the machines, ranged in rows on the floor. On the left side of our machine hangs on a peg a small reel of wire that has been straightened by running through a compound system of small rollers. This wire descends, and the end of it enters the machine. It pulls it in, and bites off by inches, incessantly, 140 times to a minute. Just as it seizes each bite, a little hammer, with a concave face, hits the end of the wire three taps, and 'upsets' it to a head, while it grips in it a countersunk hole between its teeth. With an outward thrust of its tongue, it then lays the pin sideways in a little groove across the rim of a small wheel that slowly revolves just under its nose. By the external pressure of a stationary hoop, these pins roll in their places, as they are carried under two series of small files, three in each. These files grow finer toward the end of the series. They lie at a slight inclination on the points of the pins, and by a series of cams, levers, and springs, are made to play 'like lightning.' Thus the pins are pointed, and dropped in a little shower in a box. Twenty-eight pounds of pins is a day's work for one of these jerking little automatons. Five machines on the floor make 560 pounds of pins daily. These are then polished. Two very intelligent machines reject every crooked pin, even the slightest irregularity of form being detected. Another automaton assorts half a dozen lengths in as many different boxes, all at once and unerringly, when a careless operator has mixed the contents of boxes from various machines. Lastly, a perfect genius of a machine hangs the pins by the head, in an inclined platform, through as many 'slots' as there are pins in a row on the papers. The slots converge into the exact space, spanning the length of a row. Under them runs the strip of pin paper. A hand-like part of the machine catches one pin from each of the slots as it falls, and by one movement sticks them all through two corrugated ridges in the paper, from which they are to be picked by taper fingers in boudoirs, and all sorts of human fingers in all sorts of human circumstances."

Selections.

He who foresees calamities suffers them twice over.

God is not the author of the dross that is in us, though His fiery trial detects and exposes it.

Our path is to be upward from the start: there is no grade downwards on the road that leads to God. He calls to us from above.

There is no worship where there is no joy, for worship is something more than either the fear of God or the love of Him. It is delight in Him.

Pride is like the beautiful acacia that lifts its head proudly above its neighboring plants, forgetting that it, too, like them, has its root in the dirt.

Flowers never emit so sweet and strong a fragrance as before a storm. Beauteous soul! when the storm approaches thee, be as fragrant as a sweet-smelling flower.—*Richter.*

Just to bloom beside your way—
That is why the flowers are sweet;
You want fresh ones every day—
That is why the flowers are fleet.

"What is eternity?" was a question once asked at the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Paris, and this beautiful and striking answer was given by one of the pupils, "The life-time of the Almighty."

We need to keep fixed times and appointed rounds of observances as truly as to be in holy impulse; to have prescribed periods in duty as truly as to have a spirit of duty; to be in the drill of observance as well as in the liberty of faith.—*Horace Bushnell.*

Science and Art.

An extensive sale of autographs, which took place in Leipzig a few days ago, contained some English specimens of no small interest. Amongst others was a letter from Queen Elizabeth, in her own handwriting, beautifully clean and neat; it fetched 300 marks. A letter from John Locke to Thoyrard in Paris sold for 161 marks. It was observed that the prices for the autographs of musicians have risen considerably since the great auction of two years ago. A manuscript of Haydn, which then sold for 90 marks, has now fetched 275 marks; a manuscript of Schubert's realized 130; one of Beethoven's, 115; and a letter by C. M. von Weber 140 marks.

* * Mr. Edison's electric railway appears likely to be considerably used and to work a revolution in the management of short lines, like those of city tramways. A pair of light rails are laid on sleepers in the usual way, without any special insulation, forming a track half a mile long, for the experimental road at Menlo Park. To these are led a pair of stout copper wires, forming the terminals of a pair of Mr. Edison's dynamo-electric machines coupled *tandem* and producing an electromotive force of about 250 volts. The engine looks much like an ordinary hand-car, carrying a similar dynamo machine, which acts as a motor, its armature driving the wheels which propel the carriage (the carriage is provided with seats for about a dozen people). Its wheels on one side are insulated from the axis by a peculiar wooden hub, so as to form no cross connection between the two rails. This apparatus takes its complement of passengers at the rate of 30 miles an hour, and up grades of 100 feet to the mile, in the most unconcerned and satisfactory manner. The newest and boldest part of the invention appears to be the disregard of insulation, permitting the use of the rails themselves as conveyors of the force required to move the train. The amount of electric energy wasted by conduction through the ground and sleepers appears to be only from 5 to 10 per cent., varying with the dryness of the weather.—*N. Y. Independent.*

The Swimming Bladder of Fishes—In a recent note to the Paris Academy, Professor Marangoni gives the results he has arrived at in a study of the swimming-bladder. He states, first, that it is the organ which regulates the migration of fishes, those fishes that are without it not migrating from bottoms of little depth, where they find tepid water; while fishes which have a bladder are such as live in deep, cold water, and migrate to deposit their ova in warmer water near the surface. Next, fishes do not rise like the Cartesian diver (in the well known experiment), and they have to counteract the influence of their swimming bladder with their fins. If some small dead and living fishes be put in a vessel three-quarters full of water and the air be compressed or rarefied, one finds in the former case the dead fish descend while the living ones rise, head in advance, to the surface. Rarefying has the opposite effect. Fishes have reason to fear the passive influences due to hydrostatic pressure; when fished from a great depth, their bladder is often found to be ruptured. Thirdly, the swimming-bladder produces in fishes two-fold instability—one of level, the other of position. A fish, having once adapted its bladder to live at a certain depth, may, through the slightest variation of pressure, be either forced downwards or upwards, and thus they are in unstable equilibrium as to level. As to position, the bladder being in the ventral region, the centre of gravity is above the centre of pressure, so that fishes are always threatened with inversion; and, indeed, they take the inverted position when dead or dying. This double instability forces fishes to a continual gymnastic movement, and doubtless helps to render them strong and agile. The most agile of terrestrial animals are also those which have least stability.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Personal.

Bishop Simpson completed his seventieth year on the 21st of June.

The temperance women of the country are arranging for a testimonial to be presented to Mrs. Hayes, in recognition of the noble stand she has taken in excluding liquors from the Presidential mansion.

Gen. Garfield, at a school meeting at Mentor, the other evening, made a pleasant little social address to his neighbors on the relation of teacher and pupil. He said that of the four or five thousand persons who had been associated with him as classmate or pupil there was not one whose eye did not kindle a little brighter, whose hand did not clasp his a little stronger upon their meeting than it would had they not held such relations to each other; that a man has a right to boast of this, and it was worth mines of wealth to him; and that his life had been a varied and checkered one, but he had learned to prize the affections of the heart above all other earthly gifts.

Farm and Garden.

Celery Culture.—Celery has come to be a deservedly popular vegetable, and is finding its way into many more gardens than formerly. In old times, when planted in trenches, its culture involved much labor and expense. Now the trenches are for the most part abandoned, and the plants are set in the bottom of furrows, drawn the same as for beets or mangolds.

The soil best adapted to celery is a deep, mellow, sandy loam, rather moist in character. Celery will thrive, however, in drained clay land, if heavily manured. The soil, of whatever character, should be rich and thoroughly pulverized. Land manured the fall previous makes an excellent bed. Fresh manure is injurious to the plants. It induces a rough growth and renders the stalk pithy, instead of crisp.

The usual time for setting out celery plants is from the middle to the last of July. The rows may be from four to five feet apart, and the plants separated eight to ten inches in the row. If the land is in order where it is designed to finally grow the celery, there is no objection to transplanting directly from the seed bed to the field, providing arrangements can be made for watering and shading the plants at first. As a rule, however, cultivators delay the final transplanting until the last month of July, when land previously occupied has been cleared off. If the weather is dry at this season, as it is liable to be, the plants will require repeated waterings until they are well established.

A preventive for worms in celery is a mixture of salt, soot, and lime incorporated with the manure that is employed in the trenches or furrows. This mixture will furthermore promote the growth of the celery and add to its quality.

The rust on celery is attributed by many cultivators to the particles of earth which fall in among the stems during the process of hilling when there is dew or rain on the plants. For this reason, the old practice of earthing up celery plants as they grow is being gradually abandoned until such time as banking up is required for bleaching the stalks and protecting them from frosts.—*N. Y. World.*

Pruning Tree-roots.—A contributor to the London *Garden*, who has thoroughly experimented with root pruning, and who evidently understands well the subject, furnishes that journal some valuable information on the subject, pointing out the causes of failure, as well as of success. As the operation is to be employed only on trees whose vigorous growth is at the expense of productiveness, the mistake is sometimes made of root pruning trees already too feeble, and thus increasing the difficulty. The tree becomes still more stunted and the fruit smaller than before. Failure has resulted whenever the pruning has been performed too late in spring or after the buds have swelled or expanded. In other instances the pruning has been too severe, the roots being cut as short on large trees as on small ones, without judgment or discretion. The experiments were made on the apple and pear. A vigorous apple-tree, eight or ten years old, which had scarcely made any fruit-buds, has done best when about half the roots were cut in one season and half three years later, by going half way around on opposite sides in one year and finishing at the next pruning, working two feet underneath, to sever downward roots. It has always answered well, also, to cut on such trees all the larger and longer roots about two and a half feet from the stem, leaving the smaller and weaker ones longer, and going half way around as already stated. The operation was repeated three or four years later, by extending the cut circle a foot or two further away from the tree. By this operation unproductive trees became completely studded with fruit-spurs, and afterward bore profusely. This shortening of the roots had been continued in these experiments for twenty years with much success, the circle of roots remaining greatly circumscribed. The best time for the work has been found to be in the latter part of August and beginning of September, when growth has nearly ceased, and while the leaves are yet on the trees, causing a greater increase of bloom-buds the following year, than when performed after the leaves have fallen.

Books and Periodicals.

We have received from A. S. Barnes & Co., whom we regard as reliable publishers, advance specimen sheets of "The New Evangelical Hymnal with Tunes, compiled by the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall and Sigismond Lasar."

The Parsonage of Libenau, by Frantz Hoffman. Translated from the German by Rev. Charles A. Smith, D. D. Philadelphia: Lutheran Publication Society. 1880. Pp. 222. Price, $1.

Frantz Hoffman's stories have gained a reputation in this country from former translations published by the Lutheran Society, and by our own Church. The volume before us is very neat, and without time to examine it critically, we may presume that the work has been faithfully executed.

A Selection of Spiritual Songs, with Music for the Sunday-school. Selected and arranged by Rev. Charles S. Robinson, D. D. Copyright, 1880, by Scribner & Co., N. Y.

Dr. Robinson has had success in his previous ventures with Church hymns and music, and now puts forth this collection for young people. The work is far above the average of books of the kind. The deficiency is the want of chants. The book, like everything the Scribner's publish, is issued in fine style.

Scribner's Monthly for August is, as usual, a grandly illustrated number. The contents are: "Frontispiece," Savonarola, by Fra Bartolommeo, engraved by T. Cole; "Our River," illustrated, John Burroughs; "The Whip-poor-will," A. M. Machar; "About England with Dickens," I. illustrated; "The Plain Story of Savonarola's Life," illustrated, Linda Villari; "Will the French Republic Last?" Juliette Lamber, editor of *La Nouvelle Revue*, translated by Helen M. Stanley; "Midsummer," Celia Thaxter; "The Grandissimes," X. George W. Cable; "The Sweet o' the Year," words by Nellie G. Cone, music by E. C. Phelps; "Jim Allthings," Alfred B. Street; "The Western Man," illustrated, Charles Dudley Warner; "The Dominion of Canada," illustrated, IV., Present Position and Outlook, George M. Grant; "Peter the Great," VII., illustrated, Eugene Schuyler; "Cor Cordium," Horatio Nelson Powers; "Mr. Seymour Haden's Etchings," illustrated, *Philip Gilbert* Hamerton; "At Night," R. W. G.; "Curiosities of Advertising," illustrated, William H. Rideing; "The Book of Mormon," Ellen E. Dickinson; "A Sketch of American Diplomacy," Richard Henry Dana; "Marrying Titles," Albert Rhodes; "Topics of the Time;" "Home and Society;" "Culture and Progress;" "Communications;" "World's Work;" "Bric-a-Brac."

The Contemporary Review. July, 1880. A Few Weeks Upon the Continent, by the Duke of Argyll; The Indian Dilemma, by Major H. Grey, C. S. I.; On the Sources of German Discontent, by Dr. Karl Hillebrand; The Postulates of English Political Economy, by Walter Bagehot; The Public Letters of John Ruskin, D. C. L., by an Oxford Pupil, I.; How the Income-tax Can Be Abolished, by Lonsdale Bradley; The Eleusinian Mysteries, by Francois Lenormant, II.; Postal Notes, Money Orders, and Bank Checks, by Professor W. Stanley Jevons; From Faust to Mr. Pickwick, by Matthew Browne; White Wings, A Yachting Romance, Chapters XXXV. to XXXVII., by William Black, from *Cornhill Magazine*. Price, 20 cents. New York: George Munro, Publisher, 17 to 27 Vandewater St.

The Fortnightly Review. July, 1880. Religious Liberty and Atheism, by John W. Probyn; M. Gimel on the Division of Land in France, by F. Barham Zincke; The Sultan's Heirs in Asia, by Wilfrid Scawen Blunt; A New Poet, by G. A. Simcox; State Education, A Help or Hindrance? by Auberon Herbert; Parties and the Distribution of Seats, by W. A. Hunter; Edgar Allan Poe, by William Minto; The Railroads of the United States, Their Effects On Farming and Production in that Country and in Great Britain, by Edward Atkinson; Democracy in Victoria, V., Dangers of the Democratic Form of Government, VI., How Land Has Been Acquired in Victoria; The Trumpet-major, by Thomas Hardy, Chapters XXII. to XXIV., from *Good Words*. Price, 20 cents. New York: George Munro, Publisher, 17 to 27 Vandewater St.

The Nineteenth Century. July, 1880. The Future of Liberalism, by Matthew Arnold: Atheism and Repentance, A Familiar Colloquy, by W. H. Mallock; The *Clôture* in Parliament, by E. D. J. Wilson; Modern French Art, by Gerard Baldwin Brown; A Stranger in America, by George Jacob Holyoake; Story-telling, by James Payn; The Commercial Treaty Between France and England, by E. Raoul Duval; The House of Lords and National Insurance, by the Rev. W. Lewery Blackley; The French Clergy and the Present Republic, by the Abbé Martin; The Palais-Royal Theatre, by Francisque Sarcey; Bleeding to Death, by H. M. Hyndman; Sunrise, A Story of these Times, by William Black, Chapters XIII. to XVI. New York: George Munro, Publisher, 17 to 27 Vandewater St.

The Bibliotheca Sacra. Edited by Edwards A. Park, with the co-operation of George E. Day, Archibald Duff, Jr., and D. W. Simon. Vol. XXXVII., July, 1880. Contents of No. CXLVII.: Do the Scriptures Prohibit the Use of Alcoholic Beverages? by Rev. A. B. Rich, D. D., West Lebanon, N. H., III. New Testament View of Wine and Strong Drinks; The Sabbath, The Change of Observance From the Seventh to the Lord's Day, by Rev. William DeLoss Love, D. D., South Hadley, Mass.; Church Parties as Apologists, by Rev. Francis Wharton, D. D., LL. D., Professor in the Episcopal Theological Seminary, Cambridge, Mass.; The Data of Ethics, by D. McGregor Means, Professor in Middlebury College; The New Testament Vocabulary, by Professor Samuel S. Potwin, Western Reserve College, Hudson, Ohio, III. Native Words Not Found in Classical Authors; Relations of the Aryan and Semitic Languages, by Rev. J. F. McCurdy, Ph.D., Princeton, N. J., IV. Morphology of Roots; Theological Education, No. V. Diversities in the Curriculum of our Theological Schools; Notices of Recent Publications. Andover: Published by W. F. Draper.

The Messenger.

REV. P. S. DAVIS. D. D., EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Rev. S. R. FISHER, D. D., Rev. C. U. HEILMAN, Rev. A. R. KREMER, } Synodical Editors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS. Communications on practical subjects and items of intelligence relating to the Church, are solicited. Persons who forward communications should not write anything pertaining to the *business of the office* on the back of their communications, but on a separate slip—or, if on the same sheet, in such a way, that it can be separated from the communication, without affecting it.

☞ We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unaccepted manuscripts.

For Terms, see First page.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1880.

SEEN THROUGH LUTHERAN SPECTACLES.

It must not be regarded as surprising that the adoption of the "Galesburg Rule," which started with the strange conviction that the Lutheran denomination is the only true visible Church, and that all men must make their submission to it in order to communion, should be followed by attempts to carry it into practical operation. Right or wrong, the movement was a bold one, made in the face not only of popular sentiment, but of facts which it could scarcely expect to overcome, and the misguided earnestness which led men to take such high ground could not rest satisfied with a mere declaration of a law that might never be put into execution. The Galesburg Rule-men really believe that *without any exception*, the line of demarkation should be drawn, so that no one but a Lutheran should ever be allowed to go into a Lutheran pulpit or approach a Lutheran altar.

The conviction on the part of individuals has expressed itself in sermons and newspaper articles as we showed last week, and it would be vain to suppose that it would not be reiterated in some form or another in the district Synods of which the Grand Council is composed. This execution of the law is only a question of time and expediency. The friends of the Rule are feeling their way and will carry out their principle as soon as they find it safe to do so. The following action taken by the "Ministerium of Pennsylvania," looks toward it, if a stalwart Lutheran like Dr. Morris, of Baltimore, is allowed to interpret it:

"*Resolved*, That the custom of appointing delegates annually to other synods be discontinued, excepting the New York Ministerium, with which this Ministerium holds special relations; and that delegates to other synods be appointed only when special occasion or business may demand it."

We do not see any thing especially noticeable in this bare action; it refers to other Lutheran Synods, as well as to those of other branches of the Church of Christ. The same action had been taken too by the General Synod of the Lutheran Church, because it was found that when everybody was admitted as an "advisory" member, too much volunteer advice was given. Besides in our own Church Courts, as we understand it, this "advisory" feature was very properly left off when merely visiting ministers have been invited to a seat. That is all well enough, but Dr. Morris, who says he was regarded by the "old-grandmother Synod" as "a sort of member without a seat or vote, and sometimes without any synodical recognition," though he thinks the former exclusiveness is somewhat relaxed, puts a different construction upon things. He says, speaking of the Ministerium at Lancaster:

"This synod is not annoyed, as too many are, with stereotype salutatories of delegates from other Christian bodies, or other Lutheran synods. The only one who appeared was the commissioner from the German Reformed Church, who reiterated the old story of 'common origin,' 'union churches,' 'friendly salutations,' 'close relationship,' and other platitudes. The gentleman was received very politely, and while the president *pro tempore* replied in the most urbane manner, there was no hearty response visible in the countenances of the members, and it was evidently regarded as an infliction that must be endured and got rid of as soon as possible."

We do not know any thing about the speech of our representative at the last meeting of the Ministerium. The impression made upon outsiders was that he was courteously received, and that the president *pro tem.* said the Christian greetings of our Church were reciprocated. If, however, Dr. Morris, who, though often discounted himself ecclesiastically before by the Ministerium has got into the ring at last, and describes its true inwardness in his letter to the *Lutheran Observer*, he is just a little hard upon the sincerity of his brethren of the old-grandmother Synod. If the politeness of the president was a sham, our delegate had the advantage of him in truthfulness of spirit, which is after all the soul of good manners.

We have as little sympathy with empty platitudes in synodical correspondence as Dr. Morris has, but we do not think such things lie in the way of the "Grandmother Synod." The question, however, is, What ought we to do in this matter? Discontinue the sending of a delegate? Not a bit of it. Let our brethren of the Ministerium assume the responsibility of stopping the interchange. They have done so already. They have resolved to send no representative to our Synod, and so the matter ends, with no possible blame or discredit to us. For long years this very old Synod tried to effect an organic union with our Church; now many of its ministers do not believe we are members of the visible Church of Christ. The story may, perhaps, be told under cover of a fable. One fish complained to Jupiter that another fish had too many bones to be swallowed easily. The reply of Jove was that the original design of the fish complained about was not to be swallowed, but to have some functions and enjoyment of its own.

CLERICAL FINANCIERING.

Because it is a common saying, that ministers are poor financiers, it is therefore very commonly believed. Many of them are "poor" enough; but, as a rule, that is no fault of theirs. The supposed fault, or weakness, of ministers in regard to making a wise use of their income, is about as well founded as the stale slander, that their boys are, as a general thing, worse than other people's.

"Poor financiers"—and the report makes its circuit as regularly and as continuously, as sun or moon. There is not a word of truth in it. The clergy, as a class, have proved themselves to be first-rate economists and practical financiers. Let the money-making business men among the laity try their skill on the meagre, dribbled out salaries of the pastors, whose financial ignorance they affect to be so cognizant of. Why, they would find themselves swamped so speedily, that there would be no fun in it. Then they would begin to wonder, "how on earth" preachers get along, through year after year, and keep out of debt. And then they would just begin to discover, that preachers are the best practical financiers in the world. How could they come to any other conclusion, when they consider that the clergy, men of education, of the highest social standing, of extensive acquaintanceship, are compelled to live in a manner becoming their station, on a salary such as would be required and demanded by a skilled artisan?

We venture the assertion, that if the host of business men who make up the annual list of failures would have taken lessons in financiering from their spiritual guides, the majority of them to-day would be prosperous and honest men, and not catalogued as "devourers of widows' houses."

The subject is now open for discussion, and we expect to return to it again. K.

MERCERSBURG COLLEGE.

We would respectfully call attention to the plan adopted by the Trustees of Mercersburg College, to secure such endowment as will raise it from its present embarrassed condition. The circular setting forth this plan was published in our columns a week or two ago, and we hope it attracted the attention of our people, especially within the bounds of the Potomac Synod. There is wealth enough in the communion to put this young institution upon a solid basis, and we are sure that in one form or another the valuable property at Mercersburg will be utilized in the educational interests of the Church. Other denominations are up and doing in such matters. An exchange tells us the College officers at Oberlin are singing the doxology in long metre over the success of the efforts to secure, before July 1, pledges to the amount of $150,000, in the movement to secure an addition of $250,000 to the college endowment. Over $30,000 of it was secured during the month of June. Why cannot we go and do likewise?—

ON THE WING.

A promised visit to some relatives and friends, residing in Halton county, Canada, on the borders of Lake Ontario, fifty miles North-East from Niagara Falls, and seven miles beyond the city of Hamilton, furnished the occasion for a trip of more than usual degree of pleasure, entertainment and profit, some few notes of which, we trust, will not be devoid of interest to our readers. We arranged with a small group of friends, four from Philadelphia, and two from New York, to accompany us on a tour of recreation as far as Niagara Falls. We set out on our trip on Monday, July 19.h. The morning was more than usually bright, though the state of the atmosphere was somewhat oppressive on the score of heat. Our party was kindly favored with an assigned portion of one of the comfortable parlor cars, which are used on our best equipped railroads, as far as Elmira, New York.

We passed over the North Pennsylvania Railroad as far as Bethlehem, and were again impressed with the beauty, fertility, and thrift of the greater portion of the country, which this road traverses. What wonderful improvements are being made every year, and how striking the contrast between the present condition of things and that which existed when we visited portions of this region in our earlier years! Along the line of this road our maternal ancestors located, when, at the opening of the eighteenth century, they fled from the persecution which then raged, with considerable violence, in the Palatinate, and sought an Asylum, which was opened up for the oppressed in their then new but inviting country. Every time we visit or pass through this region, we are reminded of the trials of our forefathers, and of the courage and patience with which they endured them. What a legacy have they wrought out for successive generations, and transmitted to them in peaceful possession! It is to be feared that but few of their posterity appreciate it as they ought, and keep in proper, grateful remembrance, those, through whom it has been secured; and especially do many of them fail to make due returns to Him, through whose favor and protection alone, their ancestors were enabled to accomplish for them that which has been received at their hands.

At Bethlehem, where we received the portion of our party from New York, we entered upon the well known Lehigh Valley Railroad, whose obliging President, Charles Harthorne, Esq., occupied the same car with us from Philadelphia to Elmira. The scenery along the line of this road has been frequently described, and it is much admired for its beauty, grandeur, and variety. As often as one may pass over the road, he cannot fail to be filled with fresh admiration, and to discover new beauties and objects of interest at various points. The serpentine course of the road, along the Lehigh, after leaving the highly cultivated lands, and the busy scenes of industry around the thriving city of Allentown and the several towns above it, along with the bold points of the rugged mountains towering up on every side, keep the observing tourist wide awake, and fill him with feelings of a most pleasurable character.

After partaking of a comfortable dinner at White Haven, near the headwaters of the Lehigh, we commence to ascend the mountain, which must be passed in order to enter the historic Wyoming Valley lying beyond it. An immense tract of country spreads out before the traveler at various points, as he passes along in his upward course, which does not fail to attract attention. Suddenly, however, as he reaches the top of the mountain, the first glimpse of the immense valley below, breaks upon his view, and fills him with surprise. Soon thereafter, the large and growing town of Wilkesbarre, with other towns dotting the valley at different points along the north branch of the Susquehanna, enhances the panoramic scene before him. The view afforded in passing down this mountain is one of the most picturesque and grand to be met with, along any of the lines of public travel. It never loses in attractive interest as often as it may be seen. From Wilkesbarre to Elmira, the road follows mainly the track of an abandoned canal, the banks of which, to a large extent, have been utilized in its construction.

From Elmira to Watkins, a distance of twenty miles, we passed over the Northern Central railroad. Along the line of this road are to be seen the remains of the Chemung canal, which once bore its varied freight from its commencement to its entrance into the Seneca Lake. It must have been a work of considerable cost in its construction, as well as in keeping it in repair, as the remains of an abandoned lock are to be seen at intervals of almost every half a mile.

Watkins is a village of considerable dimensions. It is located at the head of Seneca Lake, and in the immediate vicinity of the famous Watkins Glen, the lower entrance to which faces the back part of the town. For convenience sake, as we supposed, though there are a number of excellent hotels in the town, prominent among which is the Magee House, we took up our quarters at the Glen Mountain House, which lies about a mile above the town, and is reached in an omnibus by a steep and somewhat circuitous road. The location of the house divides what is known as the Upper and Lower Glen. The former is about two miles and the latter one mile long.

Many glowing descriptions of this Glen have been given. None of them, however, have equalled the reality. It is, it must be acknowledged, a most remarkable freak of nature. Its numerous cascades and varied waterfalls; its frequent serpentine course and rugged sides, towering up at places to immense heights, all fill the toiling visitor as he works his way through the immense gorge with wonder. To us, one of the most imposing and enchanting portions of it, is what is known as "Glen Cathedral." This is an extensive excavation out of the solid rock, with a beautiful cascade at the upper end, resembling very much in its form, the interior of an immense cathedral. A visit to the glen itself is well worth a long journey, as well as the time, labor and money it may cost to make it. There are, besides, other objects of varied interest in the immediate vicinity, among which is the beautiful Watkins Cemetery, located near the base of the mountain.

S. R. F.

Notes and Quotes.

Elder Jos. Karch, of Lebanon, a notice of whose death appears in another column, was a subscriber to the MESSENGER from the commencement of its publication, to the time of his decease.

The *Watchman*, of Boston, referring to Dr. Wendell Holmes' article on Edwards, thinks "if dyspepsia was at the bottom of the great discourses of Jonathan Edwards, it is a pity that more men are not troubled with the same disease."

They are to have a "big meeting" at Nantucket, Mass., August 17 and 18. An invitation is extended to all clergymen now preaching evangelical theology, but formerly connected with unevangelical communions, either as laymen or ministers, to meet in conference for fellowship. Of course, every man will claim to be especially evangelical.

It is said that the passenger trains on the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad last Sunday a week carried more passengers than they have on any one day since the Centennial Exhibition. If that be true, it does not speak well for the morality of the people. The open violation of the Lord's day, is sure to be followed by all kinds of demoralization.

Over forty new subscribers to the double sheet of the MESSENGER, have been obtained in Greensburg where our agent has been laboring, most of them in the Second Reformed charge, of which Rev. C. R. Dieffenbacher is pastor. Six, not fifteen, as stated last week, were secured in the First Reformed charge, of which Rev. J. W. Love is pastor. Bro. Love's congregation, it appears, had been pretty thoroughly canvassed before. Mr. Binkley reports sixteen new subscribers in Irwin, Pa.

The *N. Y. Observer* is responsible for the following, and it is good: The temptation to lazy men to appropriate the thoughts of others is sometimes very great, and it is the greater when their laziness has led to putting off preparation until a late hour. One of these procrastinators, a neighbor of mine, was at my house on Saturday night. When it came 10 o'clock he rose to leave. I said, "Do not be in haste." "I must go," he replied; "I have half a sermon yet to write this evening: don't you feel sorry for me?" "Not a bit," I said; "I pity the people."

Among the Exchanges.

The fact that Mr. Garfield, the Republican nominee for President of the United States, belongs to the Campbellites, has called some special attention to that body of men. A well-written article in the *Penn Monthly*, by John Dyer, reviews the Campbellite movement very fairly. The conclusion of the article is as follows:

The Church of the Disciples I do not regard as any finality in the development of Christianity. I must class it with other attempts to reconstruct the Christian Church out of New Testament texts—as a predestined failure. But it has great value as a criticism upon bodies older than itself. It puts great questions to these bodies, and it puts them vigorously. It anticipates, in some degree, the line of objection taken up by Dr. Bushnell in his *Christian Nurture*, and by the Broad Church party in the Church of England, while it presents a solution of the practical difficulty widely different from theirs. We think Mr. Campbell was less happy than they in this respect, chiefly because of his imperfect equipment for approaching the problems. He had learnt nothing of that historical method, which Savigny and Niebuhr were beginning to apply in Germany, and by which reverence for established fact is reconciled with reverence for the conclusions of right reason. Had he learnt it, he might have vindicated his resistance to what he felt to be wrong and exclusive in the existing churches by an appeal to their own history—an authority which they could not reject; and, instead of setting up one more sect in our great Babel, he might have helped them all nearer to a common understanding and a real unity.

Communications.

BETHANY ORPHANS' HOME.

The anniversary of this Home was held on July 22 It happened on a very rainy day. Instead of holding the services under the trees of the mountain forest they were held in the large saloon. There and on the capacious porch from 800 to 1000 people were comfortably placed. That such a number, some from quite a distance, should attend the anniversary on such a very inclement day shows what a strong hold it has on the hearts of its friends. The services consisted of singing and praying, and two little addresses by orphan boys—an address of welcome and an address of parting. The Superintendent, the President of the Board, Dr. J. H. Dubbs, Rev. M. L. Fritch, and Dr. C. H. Leinbach, took part in the services. The basket collection amounted to $60, besides what was realized at the tables.

In all 325 orphans have been connected with the Home during the 17 years of its existence. The congregation of the institution was organized in 1869. Since then 132 orphans have been confirmed here. On last Good Friday 7 were confirmed. It now has 32 members. During the year 8 left the Home and 16 were admitted. At the late meeting the Board received 6. The whole number now is 65. No death has occurred during the year, and very little sickness. At no time of its history have the children been more orderly, industrious, and pious.

Of our farm land 72 acres are in a good arable condition. A large part of last year's crop was destroyed by a hail-storm. Notwithstanding this the farm yielded 800 bushels of corn, 269 of rye, 139 of wheat, 143 of oats, 100 of grapes, 200 of potatoes, all the vegetables needed, 20 of apples, 20 of peaches, 80 of sugar beets, 25 tons of hay, and pasture for 18 cows. This year's crop, especially that of wheat, rye, and oats, will be much larger.

The Board has practiced the greatest possible economy. During the year the hired help has been reduced, and expenses for salaries cut down $364. The farm is entirely worked by Mr. Wright, aided by the hired helper and the larger boys.

The total receipts for current expenses amount to $6647.93, and the expenditures are $6418.67. Of this amount we received a legacy of $1000 from father Abraham Wagner, of Rev. M. L. Fritch's charge, Bucks county, Pa. Also $100 from Miss Adelaide Dechant, sister of the three ministers of that name in the Reformed Church. As she died in less

than thirty days after her will was executed, the legacy reverted to her heirs at law. These, however, piously carried out her dying wishes, and paid this amount to the Home, as also an equal amount to the cause of Foreign Missions. The treasurer has succeeded in collecting an old claim of $134.00. From this it will be seen that over $2400 of the receipts came from three *special* sources. The congregations and Sunday-schools have contributed from $1000 to $1100 more than the year preceding.

A year ago the Home had a floating debt of over $3000.00. By strict economy we have reduced this to $800.00. Besides this, we have a payment of $4000 remaining due on the property. At the previous anniversary, Elder J. Nissly of Hummelstown, Pa., proposed that this amount should be raised by $100 gifts, of which he would present one. Since then we have tried to fill up this list. We have thirty names on it, needing ten more to complete it. Two kind friends who have already paid $100 cash, agree to double their gifts, provided the remaining amount needed will be raised.

This is Christ's enterprize. We invite His people to become share-holders in it. It affords a rare chance. If you wish to invest in it, do it before you die, do it now. Then you will have the pleasure, during your life-time, of seeing your money working for Christ, and for the maintenance and training of His homeless children. We need this money, say by the middle of September.

In summing up our year's work, our chief feeling is one of gratitude to God. The extent and manner in which He has helped and prospered this Home fill us with a sense of humiliation and unworthiness. Often when prospects were seemingly discouraging He told His people to remember the Bethany Home orphans. Last year's hail-storm was followed by the Wagner and Dechant legacies, and by $3000 pledged (of which over $2000 has already been paid) towards the debt. He has helped us in the past, we trust Him for the future.

We ask God's people to pray for our orphans. Our great desire is to train every one for Chris . This is the burden of our hearts. They all need the regenerating grace of Christ. It is exceedingly difficult to show them this. A few have turned out badly. This grieves us keenly. God forbid that we should train up any servants of the devil here. Pray for our orphans, that Christ may prepare them all for pious usefulness in this life, and for an eternal home in the life to come.

B. B.

PROCEEDINGS OF PHILADELPHIA CLASSIS.

Philadelphia Classis met in forty-fifth annual session in East Vincent Reformed Church, Chester Co., Pa., on Friday, June 4 h, 7.30 P. M. The opening sermon was preached by the retiring president, Rev. Geo H. Johnston, of Philadelphia, who based his remarks on the gospel according to St. Luke, xix. 7. After service, the roll was called, and fifteen members and eleven elders found present. To this number seven ministers and four elders were subsequently added. Rev. James I. Good was elected President for the current year. Rev. J. D. Detrich and Hon. H. C. Hoover were re-elected Corresponding Secretary and Treasurer respectively. Rev. J. H. Sechler continues as Stated Clerk. The usual Standing Committees were announced, the Chairmen of which were the following:—Rev. J. D. Detrich, Minutes of Synod; Rev. A. B. Stoner, Minutes of Classis; Rev. Geo H. Johnston Missions; Rev. H. M. Kieffer, Finance; Rev. D. E. Klopp, D. D., Overtures; Rev. S. R. Fisher, D. D., Examination, Licensure and Ordination; Rev. J. S. Vandersloot, State of Religion; Rev. M. S. Rowland, Religious Services.

Dismissals and Receptions. The following brethren at their own request were dismissed as follows:—Rev. A. S. Zerbe, Ph. D., to Tiffin Classis, and Rev. Jos. F. Butler, Lic., to Shelby Classis, Synod of Ohio; Rev. H. King, to Allegheny Classis, Synod of Pittsburg. Rev. J. Hannaberry was received from Allegheny Classis, Synod of Pittsburg, and Rev. C. G. Fisher, from Virginia Classis, Synod of Potomac.

Missions. Rev. Dr. Theo. Appel, Superintendent of Missions, was admitted as an advisory member, and together with some others made some extended remarks on the subject of missions. The following resolution relating to Foreign Missions was adopted:

"*Resolved*, That in view of the fact that the Board of Foreign Missions has purchased a building for missionary purposes in Tokio, Japan, we recommend that the pastors bring the matter to the attention of the various charges of this Classis, and urge the members of their congregations and Sunday Schools to contribute both to the purchase money paid for the building, and also for the yearly support of the missionaries, Rev. A. D. Gring and his wife."

Temperance. On the subject of temperance Classis gave expression as follows:—

"WHEREAS, This Classis regards the Temperance cause as an important auxiliary to the promotion of the interests of the cause of Christ, and rejoices in the success which has hitherto attended proper efforts put forth for its advancement, therefore,

"*Resolved*, That the Rev. W. C. Hendrickson, a member of this Classis, who is specially engaged in laboring in the interests of the Temperance cause, be commended to the favor of such of our brethren and membership as he may have occasion to visit in the prosecution of his labors."

Ursinus College. Classis took the following action in reference to Ursinus College, viz:—

"Inasmuch as a Catalogue of Ursinus College has been presented to this Classis, and

"WHEREAS, This Institution is located within our territory, and has been eminently honored in its educational work among us, therefore,

"*Resolved*, That we renew an emphasize our former recommendations of Ursinus College as an Educational Institution of the Reformed Church.

"*Resolved*, secondly, That we heartily commend this Institution to the favor and patronage of the churches within our bounds."

Delegates to General Synod. Ministers—*Primarii:* Revs. D. E. Klopp, D. D., J. H. A. Bomberger, D. D., and H. M. Kieffer; *Secundi:* Revs. Jno. H. Sechler, D. Van Horne, D. D., and J. D. Detrich. Elders—*Primarii:* Abram Schwenk, Jones Detwiler, and Tilghman A. Hoover; *Secundi:* Alex. Hoffman, Thos. B. Geatrell, and Jonathan Stout.

Delegates to District Synod. Ministers—*Primarii:* Revs. D. Van Horne, D. D., Jas. I. Good, J. Samuel Vandersloot, J. D. Detrich, and D. E. Klopp, D. D.; *Secundi:* Revs. J. H. A. Bomberger, D. D., M. S. Rowland, Jno. H. Sechler, E. H. Dieffenbacher, and Geo. H. Johnston. Elders—*Primarii:* R. W. Eastlack, Alex. Hoffman, Jones Detwiler, Jacob Gerhard, and Jno. F. Unger; *Secundi:* Jonathan Stout, David Wagner, Thos. B. Geatrell, William Ludwig, and Michael Ott.

Place and Time of Next Meeting. Wyoming, Kent Co., Del., June 10th, 1881, 8 P. M., was selected as the place and time of the next annual meeting.

Vote of Thanks. It was *Resolved*, That the hearty thanks of Philadelphia Classis are due and are hereby tendered to the pastors and people of East Vincent and St. Vincent churches for the pleasant and profitable entertainment extended to the members during the sessions.

Resolved, That the pastors of the above churches be requested to read these resolutions at their next Sunday services.

Statistics. Ministers, 28 (Lic. 1); Congregations, 23; Members, 3555; Unconfirmed, 718; Baptisms, Infant, 139, Adult, 82; Confirmed, 204; Certificate and Re-profession, 155; Communed, 2867; Dismissed, 58; Excommunicated, 1; Erasures, 25; Deaths, 79; Sunday Schools, 25; Sunday School Scholars, 2944; Students for Ministry, 1; Minutes of Synod, 122; Benevolent Contributions, $2309; Congregational, $31,656.

STATED CLERK.

("*Christian World*" please copy.)

REPORT ON THE STATE OF RELIGION IN PHILADELPHIA CLASSIS.

Beloved Brethren:—Another year, with its changing lights and shadows, has gone. We have struggled awhile under its heat; have lingered in its twilights; have mused amid its solitudes; have beguiled the tedium of the journey by varied associations; and have drunk deep from its springs. Many are its memories, and, we trust, permanent its teachings.

And, while in thought and affection we retrace our paths, the conviction is pleasing that we may only do so as stewards and pilgrims. Our toil is not ceaseless. We have here no abiding city. Blessed truths!—suited to our hearts, even as "a word fitly spoken;" yea, "like apples of gold in pictures of silver"—uniting the abysmal past and unfathomable future—swelling still more the ever-growing current of Divine love, on which we are hurried outward and into the Beyond.

Although many and diverse have been our experiences—extending from a remarkable condition of prosperity to that of perhaps relative disadvantage—but one impulse can actuate us now. Gratitude, sincere and profound, should go up—even as freely as the thick mists of the morning, when driven by the fulness and power of the beautiful sun. God has blessed us, and caused His face to shine upon us, alike under bright skies and heavy storm-clouds. We have been the people of His pasture and the objects of His wonderful bounty. Therefore, with one generous lifting up of all within us, we should magnify His exalted name.

With individual believers it is healthful to recount special tokens of Divine favor. It is so, because of the supernatural influences at work from the beginning, which not infrequently increase, like the ever-widening stream as it runs out toward the sea. But how much more important is not the testimony of many persons—representatives of Christ in the Church—as it is unfolded to us in harmonious and delightful sentences, varying only, as the voices and parts in music, and presenting corresponding, if not vastly enlarged, evidences of Infinite blessing?

When pastors meet and tell of their struggles and sacrifices—of the happy results attending them; or confess the hindrances they have met—under no less certain manifestations of God's presence; and the whole eldership comes up in hearty attestation of the consistent and faithful labors of their standard-bearers; we are touched with a sense of most devout worship.

Thus it has been with us. Great grace has signaled our steps. And there has been little of friction anywhere; at least, no difficulty insuperable—no conflict worthy the name. The work of the gospel has been advanced; the more essential truths have been steadily enforced; the young have been regularly taught; the people have been frequently visited; and all needful discipline has been employed. These things appear in a practical form,—in the steady and rapid growth, in numerous quarters, of the membership; in the increased numbers received by confirmation, certificate and baptism; and, still more plainly, in the many added proofs of a marked improvement in godliness—setting before us a gracefulness and adornment in the more essential things, along with a flattering development in the physical life of the Church.

Our encouragements are chiefly of a general nature. The individual churches—and their crystal sources of supply, the Sabbath-schools—have, in nearly all instances, accumulated force. In this regard the year has been one of unprecedented profit. But we regret, what we will have to consider, an inadvertence in another channel. There is little or no reference to the week-night services—to the House of Lecture and Prayer. This cannot be because of any languishing in Zion. Presumably, there has been no neglect. But would it not be well to hold up, at our annual meetings, this means of grace, as especially worthy of esteem? People have much to plague them in every department of activity, and can never successfully dispense with such aid. The harassing and balking and fretting and disappointing and ailing, to which human nature is exposed, through six weary days, demand a mid-way rest—a shade and fountain and tryst—in the midst of the heat and sand.

A number of our congregations have been rapidly gaining in favor with the public; others have enjoyed a uniform devotion to the affairs of the Church, on the part of their memberships; and still others have risen, phœnix-like, from the ashes of former local dissensions into the halo atmosphere of a superior goodness. This is as it should be. How delightful to know that, while many professing Christians betray an outward deadness to religion—a fondness for the fickle things and dangers of life—the numbers are continually augmenting who look away from this cold and shattered world to the sunny clime and festal hours brought so near by the telescope of faith; who seek out the beauty and fragrance not corrupted by sin; and who, doubtless, gather sunshine by handfuls, to revive and charm the straggled hopes of many around them.

A prominent and lamentable feature, in the parochials furnished us, is that of the numerous deaths during the past year. Faces, long known and loved, are missing. Eyes, more beautiful and bright than the dew-gemmed roses of this lovely June, are closed. Hearts, that bent evenly with our own—just as the clover-mellowing fields of grain before the clover-scented winds of early summer—are stilled. There has been a suffering time among us. Some have lost prominent and useful officers and members who had not passed life's meridian. Others have been called to mourn the veterans of their particular communions—the honored remnants of old-time households—on whose locks the light and purity of the inner world had long gracefully rested—until, in their sadness, they are ready to say to us, as Elisha to the young prophets, "Yea, I know it; hold ye your peace."

The ranks of elders and people have thus been broken. God has been in our midst His will has been done. Let us bow meekly before Him, though it be in sighing and tears. Only for a little while will the creeping lichens eat at the names on the church-yard stones, and we tread silently about them. Soon these sorrows will break away, and—like the spent and scattered storm-clouds fringing an autumn sunset—we become immersed in the gold of the skies. Very soon the transcendent glories of the heavenly world will sweep down upon us, and lift us out of these crucibles of flesh, when our hearts in their exuberance of joy, will bound forth to kiss the Hand whose heaviness we now feel.

Nor have we had immunity from other trials. The commonable denominational discouragements have been ours. We have fields distinguished for worldliness—in which self-righteousness, and its twin sister infidelity, have been maintained as a constant barrier to the Truth, if not a pressure on the Church. There are people, who—too weak to devise a plan of salvation—too narrow to consult fairly the Divine method—with feet deep down in the slough of infatuation and ingratitude—are intent on a way of their own. Rudderless, compassless, and in disaccord with nature and their own hearts, they are tossed about. Like the man at the pump, on the burning vessel, they will not consent to enter the life-boat until it is driven beyond their reach by the flames. They prefer to go out, as the Man of Kerioth, "the curtain of darkness falling forever on an appalling figure." They need our help; we can only reach them with our pity.

There are also communities in which many aged persons employ an enlarged influence against our holy religion; who, unlike Jesse, will neither allow their children to go into the army of Israel, nor entertain the prophet having the horn of anointing. It is sad and hard to realize that men feeble of frame and uncertain of step—having one foot on the grave's mouth—should listen only to this world's siren, at the end of their journey, where the songs of angels, from under our Father's roof-tree, should beat upon the shores of their hearts.

We discover, too, that there are not a few in the Sanctuary, mingling with the children of God, who have the "form," without the "power;" who have either brought the darkness of life into the Church, or have struggled through the light and beyond it. There may be no relief, unless in a very plain and zealous enforcement of the cardinal doctrines and truths of the Gospel. This can best be done by the utter neglect of metaphysics and hair-splitting controversies. And it should be done without piling up with Titanic hands, mountain on mountain-high, dogmas upon dogmas, of every calibre—of moral, natural, revealed, scholastic, and speculative theology—wherever there are those who cannot climb such rugged and tangled sides. Existent Christianity must be mindful of the demands of humanity, as it finds it, and carry along a preponderance of cheer and of the spirit of Christ.

It is certain that many of our pastors are well aroused to the importance of directness and zeal. In their current reports we notice an added tendency over the past toward persistent and uninterrupted labor—toward the bearing down against all resistance, within and without the gates. They recognize the vanity of building up a very big church on a very little work. They are unwilling to practice homœopathy on men's souls—however much respect they may have for that system in its proper relations. May it ever be so. The Bible is our "Materia Medica" and "Pharmacopœia." Let us hold to its directions, and declare the whole counsel of God.

It is especially worthy of mention that, where reasonable encouragement has been afforded, our Catechism has been spread, and new fields occupied. Here and there a church edifice has been reared—is in process of building—or is had in contemplation. The work and spirit of extension is upon us—like ornaments of gold on our body, preparing us for a future day of holy convocation and feasting.

Nor does our expectation linger here. A new practice is among us; or, rather, an old one—like antique designs—is being brought in and honored. Costly buildings, burdened with debts, are no more in favor. We are retreating to the firm principles of the early Church and its Founder. The lesson has been well learned that henceforth we best discharge our obligations to God when we fully and truly discharge them to our fellow-men.

In matters of benevolence our congregations have responded with more than ordinary liberality. And they have given, it may be, to the full measure of their material success. Yet they have not advanced in the ratio of their spiritual benefits. The truth that, in the careful and constant practice of giving, men are made more serviceable to the cause of Christ, and more receptive to the favors and grace belonging to obedient children, needs—like the young maples before our doors—to be planted deeply, if we would be securely sheltered from the burdens and exhaustion of our day.

Avenues for the cultivation of a more liberal spirit are also constantly opening up to us. A most promising one is found in our mission work. Between what has been done, and the energies now engaged, we have abundant cause for confidence. A new epoch seems to be upon us. The duty of giving, for the spread of our Lord's kingdom, at home and abroad, is no longer a question—if it ever has been one. We are on a common platform. It is only by scattering the seed, that we gather our crops and have substance and stability among men.

If our offerings will but continue to swell in volume, and a corresponding interest and success at end their use, we may expect very soon to see desert places blossom; and longing, waiting ones, of our name, rejoice with joy and singing, having with them the glory of Lebanon, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon.

And now, as we are on the threshold of a new year of unequalled promise; as the first notes of peace have been heard from the tops of the mountains; as the valleys are sending back, in continuous echoes, their olive-offerings and songs of deliverance; it becomes us to enter afresh—with renewed consecration—upon our difficult labor of love.

Our responsibility is great. The Church requires all our enterprise. We must strive if we would take our proper place among the successful religions of our day, and transmit faithfully the heritage of our fathers to our children. Our boundaries must be enlarged. Our stations must be increased. Nothing but effort will do. And doubt and discouragement are unworthy us. While we do not fill as large a place in the gospel economy, or the vast machinery of churches, as we could wish—or as our history and opportunities would suggest—we should be farthest removed from the life of the ephemerid of the summer noon.

Our work is of vast importance. It must be done, and well done. We are in the line of duty. Let us go forward every hour, and endeavor to be true every moment—seeking only the glory of the Lord and the redemption of our race; looking toward the day when the scars of time shall be effaced; when the grave—the furrow of Death's ploughshare—shall be forever filled up; when the groans of a travailing creation shall melt away; when the night of misunderstanding shall blossom into clear day; when the curse now radiating over the face of nature shall be changed into a blessing; when the sweet, eternal Sabbath—so near to our hoar-haired fathers and many of us with frail bodies—shall burst forth into cloudless splendor; and when we shall not meet in affectionate congratulation but once a year,—but when we shall associate in unending communion—having advanced from co-laborers to co-victors, and joint heirs with the Son of God.

May the Head of the Church direct us, henceforth, by His Holy Spirit, in the way of all peace. Amen.

Respectfully submitted,

J. SAML. VANDERSLOOT,
Chairman.

[*Christian World* please copy.]

Church News.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

SYNOD OF THE UNITED STATES.

In connection with the communion held July 4th, in the Mission at New Castle, Pa., Rev. J. M. Souder, pastor, twenty-three persons were added to the church, seventeen by confirmation, five by renewal of profession, and one by certificate.

At a special meeting of the East Susquehanna Classis held at Bloomsburg, July 15th, the licentiate O. H. Strunk was received from the Lancaster Classis, and the licentiate Charles F. Sontag was dismissed to the Classis of Maryland. In the evening of the same day, Bro. Strunk was ordained to the holy ministry and installed pastor of the Bloomsburg charge. The Stated Clerk preached the sermon from 1 Cor. 4, 1-2, the altar service before the sermon was conducted by the Rev. T. J. Barkley. Rev. E. D. Miller ordained the young brother—all the brethren present joining in the laying on of hands—and Rev. George B. Dechant attended to the installation. After the benediction the congregation congratulated their new pastor, and the "honey moon" started out auspiciously. We hope and trust the same happy feeling may continue during the period of housekeeping and training spiritual children.

STATED CLERK.

THE POTOMAC SYNOD.

We learn from the Baltimore *Sun*, that "Workmen have been engaged for several days past tearing down the front of the Third Reformed Church, corner of Paca and Saratoga streets, Rev. Conrad Clever, pastor. The old front will be replaced by a new and handsome one, which will be built in the Gothic style, with large stained windows. The interior of the church will also be remodeled, repainted and newly frescoed. The exterior will be painted a dark lead color and will, when completed, be a decided improvement to that part of the city. Mr. John F. Gultier is the architect. While the repairing is being done, the congregation will worship in the lecture-room in the basement."

PITTSBURGH SYNOD.

The corner-stone of a new edifice within the limits of the Beam charge, Somerset co., Pa., was laid on Sunday, July 4, 1880, by the pastor, Rev. W. H. Bates, assisted by S. R. Bridenbaugh of Berlin. The attendance on the occasion was unusually large. The new Reformed church will be known by the name of St. Peter's. Its dimensions are 32x50; will be Gothic structure with a corner spire. It is thought that if the present plan of building can be carried out, it will be one of the finest Reformed churches in Somerset county.

A Bible, Catechism, the MESSENGER, the *World*, the *Somerset Herald* and *Democrat*, (issues of all the periodicals of June 30, 1880), and a brief history of the Beam charge with the names of all the pastors and the P. O. address of each minister of Somerset Classis, with the names of the parents and children living next to the new church were placed in the stone. The church, it is hoped, will be ready by July, 1881.

The additions to the Beam charge since last November, are 29. Of this number, one came by certificate from the General Synod Lutheran church, one from the Dunkard church, two by certificates from our own church, three by renewal of confession, and the rest were confirmed.

This charge will soon become vacant. The pastor will take charge of the Johnstown Mission, Cambria co., Pa. Earnest ministers will please address the pastor. No German preaching is required, but a man that can converse in German is preferred.

MERCERSBURG COLLEGE.

The next session of Mercersburg College will open on September 15th, 1880. Terms.—Including board, tuition, room and fuel, $205 per year of forty weeks. Connected with the College, and under the direct care of the Professors, is a Preparatory School where students of any age from twelve upward are received. For further particulars address Rev. E. E. Higbee, D. D., President of College, Mercersburg, Franklin Co. Pa.

Married.

On July 22d, 1880, at the residence of the bride's parents, Rev. A. B. Koplin of Hellertown, Pa., by the Rev. N. Z. Snyder, assisted by the father of the bride, Rev. Silas F. Laury of Jefferson, York, Co., Pa., to Miss S. Orna Koplin of Hellertown, Northampton Co., Pa.

Obituaries.

DIED.—In Lebanon, Pa., on the 15th inst., Elder Joseph Karch, aged 72 years and 15 days.

The deceased was born in Lebanon, and remained a resident of the place up to the date of his death. In his infancy he was incorporated with the Church of God in holy baptism. At a suitable age he was admitted to full communion with the First Reformed Church through confirmation, administered by the Rev. William Hiester. He was a scholar of the first Sunday school organized in Lebanon, subsequently became a teacher, and at a later period was appointed librarian, which office he filled up to the time of his death. Elder Karch filled successively, and with great fidelity and acceptance, all the offices of the Church, and at the time of his death was the treasurer of the congregation, which office he held for many years. Some years since, he filled the office of county treasurer, and was the cashier of the Lebanon Valley Bank. He was a man of strict probity—his character for honesty was beyond suspicion. He was generous and kind to the poor, and liberal in his support of the Church, and his entire life was a beautiful illustration of our holy Christianity. Whilst cherishing a liberal spirit towards all Christians, he was specially devoted to his own spiritual household, for whose prosperity he earnestly labored and prayed up to the close of a long and useful life.

The circumstances of our brother's death were unusual, and deeply impressive. He left his place of business at about 9 o'clock on the morning of his death, to go to the house of his son a few squares off, to see a little grand-daughter, who had been ill a few days. But before he arrived at the house, the dear child of about five years died. He entered the chamber of the loved departed on the second floor, and as his eyes fell on its lifeless form, he burst into tears, exclaiming, I am now seventy two years old, and can be useful no longer, whilst this young child has been taken away. He then descended the flight of stairs to return to his home, but on coming to the first floor he sank down, but was caught by several friends who were near, and in a few moments expired! The report of this double affliction spread in an incredibly short time over the town with stunning and saddening effect. All hearts were smitten by the sudden and unexpected events.

The funeral obsequies were held for both at the same time, and both bodies were interred on the same lot in Mt. Lebanon Cemetery. The funeral discourse was based on 2 Tim. 4: 7, 8. Father Karch left a deeply bereaved and affectionate widow, a son, who was associated with him as an officer in the Bank, and a daughter, the wife of Rev. A. R. Bartholomew, pastor of the Reformed church at Jonestown in this State.

May God sustain, comfort and bless all the bereaved, and make this double trial a blessing to many.

K.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT BY THE CONSISTORY OF THE FIRST REFORMED CHURCH.

At a meeting of the Consistory of the First Reformed Church, Lebanon, Pa., convened on the 18th of July, 1880, the following paper was adopted as a tribute of respect, to the memory of Elder Joseph Karch, who departed this life on Thursday, the 15th inst.

WHEREAS, It has pleased God in His wisdom and sovereignty to call from our midst by a sudden death, Elder Joseph Karch, and who up to the time of his decease was treasurer of the congregation, therefore

Resolved, That in the death of our brother, this congregation has been called to surrender one of its most faithful, efficient and useful members.

Resolved, That we will ever cherish in pleasing memory, and with devout gratitude to the God of all grace, the genial, Christian spirit and many virtues of our departed brother.

Resolved That we as a Consistory tender our sincere condolence to the bereaved family and friends, and invoke in their behalf the sustaining grace and consolations of our covenant God.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased, and be published in the daily and weekly papers of Lebanon, and also the Church paper.

F. W. KREMER, *Pres.*

Attest:—JOHN SHEREE, *Sec.*

DIED.—Miss Belinda Rupert, near Elderton, Armstrong Co., Pa., April 21st, 1880, aged 43 years, 11 months and 26 days.

Baptized in infancy, she was at an early day prepared and received into full communion in the Reformed Church under the ministry of Rev. Frederick Wise of sainted memory. She was ailing for about one year, which, however, did not keep her from being punctual at the services of the sanctuary, until disease had made such inroads on her strength, that she was no longer able to join with the congregation in the services on the Lord's day. She submitted quietly to the painful sufferings, bore them in meekness, patience and faith, having the assurance, that whatever seeming evils her heavenly Father did send upon her were for her good and the glory of God. When the last struggle was over she calmly fell asleep in Jesus, to be awakened when the last trump shall sound, when all the redeemed shall enter into everlasting joy.

D.

DIED.—Near Hagerstown, Md., June 26th, Martin Funk, aged 67 years, 6 months and 29 days.

The deceased was well-known and highly esteemed in the community in which he lived. He was one of a large family of brothers and sisters, most of whom have been active and useful members of the Reformed Church, and of whom one, the Rev. Henry Funk, who died some years ago, served in the ranks of its ministry. He himself served for a long time as elder in the congregation to which he belonged. He was a man of so gentle and kind a spirit as to be greatly beloved by all who knew him. After a good life, God granted him the blessing of a peaceful death; and he has left to his excellent children, that inheritance of an honored name and a good example, which is more to be prized than all silver and gold.

DIED.—June 20th, 1880, near Graceham, Md., Mrs. Sophia Barbara, wife of Frederick Troxell, aged 66 years, 5 months, 14 days.

She was a mild, kind, Christian woman, and a faithful and devoted member of Apple's congregation of the Mechanicstown charge.

DIED.—Near Fountain Dale, Adams Co., Pa., July 5th, 1880, Mrs. Catharine, wife of W. J. Ferguson, aged 67 years, 6 months, 13 days.

We all esteemed her for her excellent qualities. St. Jacob's Church mourns in her death the loss of an exemplary sister, and her grief-stricken husband and daughter, a devoted wife and mother.

H. W.

DIED.—Mary Malinda Ream, daughter of Josiah Glessner, died June 9th, and was laid to rest the day following. She was a quiet and unobtrusive member of the Calvary Reformed Church, Beam charge, Somerset county, Pa. Her modest demeanor won for her many friends. She expressed a desire to leave the world the first week of her sickness. Death had no pangs for her. She anxiously looked forward to that hour when she would be released from "the body of this death." She led our "Calvary" people in singing the hymns of praise; her hands first touched the keys of our organ by which the congregation was enabled more perfectly to praise the Lord. Her age was 22 years, 3 months, and 3 days. Rest, dear sister in the faith, till the resurrection morn, when, with the Church triumphant, you will join in singing the song of Moses and the Lamb.

PASTOR.

HOUSE CLEANING. The best thing ever produced for this and all kindred purposes is JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE. It makes the housekeeper do the work more satisfactorily in less than half the usual time without the aid of soap, or any thing else, and its great value in the Kitchen and Laundry is attracting wide-spread attention. Sold by Grocers everywhere, but beware of vile imitations with names that sound like Pearline.

Youth's Department.

AT MOTHER'S KNEE.

Safe to the fold the Shepherd leads
His little lambs at close of day,
And thus my darlings come to me,
At last grown tired of their play;
And while the twilight shadows fall
O'er hill and meadow from above,
I draw my little lambkins safe
Within the fold of home and love.

O, drowsy eyes of blue and brown!
O, nodding heads! I understand;
'Tis time two little travelers start,
With mother's aid, for "slumber land."
She folds the dresses snug away,
And frees the restless dainty feet
From shoe and stocking. Thus, at last,
My little lambs refreshed and sweet,

And robed in white before me kneel
With folded hands. O Father, Thou
Who art the Shepherd of Thy flock,
Bow down Thy ear and listen now
To each low, childish prayer that these,
My children, offer up to Thee.
Hallow the twilight hour, O Lord,
That brings them thus before my knee.

And so through all the silent hours
Which lie between the night and day,
They shall not fear, since from the fold
Thy love will drive all foes away.
Sleep, little ones, oh, sweetly sleep,
Till morning sunbeams gather fast;
And safe from slumber-land you come
Back to your mother's knee at last.
—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

LOADING THE CAMEL.

"In India," said a gentleman who recently returned to this country after living many years in the East, "the camel is used fully as much as the elephant as a beast of burden. He is not so powerful as the elephant, but he can carry an enormous load on his back. He does not do so willingly, however, and is by no means the patient, docile servant that the elephant soon becomes under proper training. When I first went to India as a young man I was connected with a mercantile firm in the northwest provinces, and while there I had abundant opportunity of studying the camel, for means of carriage in that part of the country in those days was confined to elephants, camels, bullocks, and men. Horses were not used as beasts of burden. Every day camels and elephants were driven up to our office door and loaded with wine and beer cases for far away customers. The elephant would go clumsily down on his great knees and allow himself to be loaded without an indication of discontent. I have no doubt that he would have permitted himself to be loaded until he was crushed to the earth beneath the weight of his load had his driver seen fit to pile on the boxes. But the camels receiving their burdens was a spectacle never to be forgotten. They never varied in their behavior, and every one that I ever saw loaded—and I have seen thousands—acted in precisely the same manner.

The camel, when he is not eating or drinking or being loaded, is invariably chewing the cud. His long, crooked jaw is in perpetual motion, and when he is told to lie down to receive his burden he does so without varying this incessant masticatory process. He awkwardly bends his fore knees, drags his hind legs under him, and comes to the ground with a curious kind of flop. All this time his long, melancholy face shows not the slightest indication that he knows what he is lying down for; and this unmistakable hypocrisy, I think, stamps the camel as an animal of a very high order of intellect. But in a few seconds the expression on the camel's face undergoes a striking alteration. If he sees the driver approaching him with a box on his shoulder he seems at last to understand the indignity and torture to which he is about to be submitted, and the astonishment, virtuous indignation, and dismay on the ill-used animal's countenance ought certainly to make some impression on the stony heart of the driver. They never have the slightest effect. The man binds the first box on the wretched animal's back, and goes away to get another. Then the camel, wisely abandoning his efforts to move man to compassion, points his hairy nose upward, and howls his wrongs to the skies.

Never in circus, pantomime, or show have I seen anything half so ludicrous as the camel's appearance at that moment. His upper lip is curled back from the teeth, his under lip doubles up and drops down as though he had no further use for it, his great mouth opens so wide that one can see about half a yard down his throat, and out of the cavern thus revealed come a series of the most astonishing howls that ever startled the air,—howls of such abject misery that it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the camel's heart is breaking; and this impression is strengthened by the tears that flow copiously down the wailing animal's elongated cheeks and drip from the end of his nose. In the utterance of each note of woe the camel seems to be exerting the utmost power of his lungs, but he is all the time holding a large force in reserve, and, as the driver adds box after box to the pile on his back, a howl more resonant and heart-rending than the last testifies to each addition to the creature's misery; and never, except when he is absolutely engaged in trumpeting his agonies into space, are the great watery eyes of the camel removed from the person of his persecutor; they follow him wherever he goes, and express through their tears contempt, indignation, astonishment and dismay. I think it must have been this extraordinary habit on the part of the 'ship of the desert' that gave rise to the well-known expression: 'It's the last straw that breaks the camel's back.' But the Eastern driver has no fear of any such catastrophe, and piles up the load until it reaches almost the proportions of an elephant's burden. Then, the cases being bound fast with ropes, the camel is told to rise, and the animal, feeling that he has conscientiously done his whole duty by entering his protest at every stage of the work, contentedly accepts the unavoidable result, stops his tears, suppresses his cries, gets up on his feet, and, resuming his occupation of chewing the cud, is ready for the week's march that usually lies before him."

PROVE IT BY MOTHER.

While driving along the street one day last winter in my sleigh, a little boy six or seven years old, asked me the usual question, "Please may I ride?"

I answered him, "Yes, if you are a good boy."

He climbed into the sleigh; and when I again asked, "Are you a good boy?" he looked up pleasantly and said, "Yes, sir."

"Can you prove it?"

"Yes, sir."

"By whom?"

"Why, my ma," said he, promptly.

I thought to myself, here is a lesson for boys and girls. When a child feels and knows that mother not only loves, but has confidence in him or her, and can prove their obedience, truthfulness and honesty by mother, they are pretty safe. That boy will be a joy to his mother while she lives. She can trust him out of her sight, feeling that he will not run into evil. I do not think he will go to the saloon, the theater, or the gambling house. Children who have praying mothers, and mothers who have children they can trust, are blessed indeed. Boys and girls, can you "prove by mother" that you are good? Try to deserve the confidence of your parents, and every one else.—*Children's Friend.*

WEAK BUT STRONG.

I will tell you a true story for the children to hear, and leave each one to enforce its lesson in his or her own way. The bit of a girl of whom I told you in my last letter is not one of the "goody-good" children, but a perfect bunch of mischief who needs constant watching. She had taken a fancy to play with the key of her father's desk, often taking it out for the purpose. One day he told her never to take it out again, fearing it might be lost. Some few days after he was lying half asleep on the sofa, the little daughter playing beside him—the sudden stillness of the room roused him to the fact that she had disappeared, and seeing the door to the next room where the desk was open, he stole softly toward it to see what the child was doing. There she stood, just in front of the coveted key, both tiny hands clasped behind her back, and leaning forward on her tiptoes she kissed it gently. The father crept unseen to the sofa, and in a moment she came and stood beside him, both hands still folded behind her, and said, "My' didn't touch the key 'cause papa told her not to." Surely if a tiny creature like this could put temptation behind her, we grown-up folks ought to have strength enough to.—*Boston Transcript.*

COTTON.

Cotton has a history dating back thousands of years.

Herodotus, 484 years before the birth of Christ, says that the ancient inhabitants of India wore garments made of cotton.

The muslins of India have long been celebrated for their wonderful beauty and extreme fineness of texture.

In the first voyage of the Spaniards to this country they found the Mexicans and Peruvians cultivating cotton and using it largely for the manufacture of clothing.

Cortez sent as presents to Charles V. mantles and goods of all colors made of cotton by the Mexicans.

THE STRAWBERRY AND THE PEACH.

A FABLE.

"What a delicious day this is, to be sure!" said a beautiful large scarlet strawberry, on a fine afternoon in July, as she coyly peeped out from cool, dark green leaves.

"I am afraid it is going to rain!" grumbled a luscious peach, that was ripening high upon the wall over the strawberry's head.

And the peach was right, for presently there came on a drenching shower, which made them both glad to hide behind their sheltering leaves.

After the rain there came out, as usual, a whole army of slugs and snails, seeking what they should devour. And a great white slug, spying the strawberry's red dress beneath her leaves, crawled up to her, and began to be exceedingly rude.

"Oh, dear me!" moaned the poor strawberry, "that nasty, greedy slug has bitten a piece out of my side!"

"That is what comes of living on the ground!" jeered the peach. "Now I am up safe on the wall, out of the way of those vile crawling and creeping things!"

But presently the rain cleared quite away, and the hot sun came out again and shone gloriously.

Then a black and yellow wasp, who was roving about looking after a meal, caught sight of the peach, who was sunning herself against the wall, and with a buzz of joy he flew toward her, and fastening on to her, drove his nippers deep into her juicy flesh.

"Oh!" screamed the peach, "this cruel wasp is nipping a bit out of my face!"

But the wasp did not care one straw for the shrieks of the peach, and he did not fly away until he had bitten a large hole in her round, rosy cheek.

"O neighbor Strawberry!" sobbed the peach, "my beauty is quite gone. I was wrong to reproach you; for now I find that I was not out of the reach of misfortune myself!"

We may gather from this that no station is so humble or exalted as to be free from trials and troubles. And we should never reproach our neighbor with misfortune that is not his fault, inasmuch as we know not how soon calamity may overtake ourselves.—*Early Dew.*

"BRIGHTING ALL IT CAN."

The day had been dark and gloomy, when suddenly, toward night, the clouds broke and the sun's rays streamed through, shedding a flood of golden light upon the whole country.

A sweet voice at the window called out in joyful tones, "Look! O look, papa! the sun's brighting all it can."

"Brighting all it can? so it is," answered papa; "and you can be like the sun if you choose."

"How, papa? tell me how!"

"By looking happy and smiling on us all day and never letting any tearful rain come into the blue of those eyes; only be happy and good; that is all."

The next day the music of the child's voice filled our ears from sunrise to dark; the little heart seemed full of light and love; and, when asked why she was so happy, the answer came laughingly, "Why! don't you see, papa, I'm the sun? I'm brighting all I can!"

"And filling the house with sunshine and joy," answered papa.

Cannot little children be like the sun every day, "brighting" all they can? Try it children.

LITTLE MARGIE.

BY GERTRUDE T. HYDE.

Through the fragrant meadows go the children;
Cheery voices calling to each other;
'Neath their feet the clover leaves and daisies,
Overhead the golden summer weather.

By the gate stands lonely little Margie,
Watching with dim eyes the happy throng,
"She's too little for our picnic!" said the children,
"She's too little; she could never walk so long!"

"Never mind, my dear," said little Margie,
And she gave her old wax doll a kiss,
"We can have a picnic here together
Just as nice; or we'll pretend it is!"

"You sit here, and don't be lonely, darling,
I must go; I won't be out of sight.
Here! I'll spread our table-cloth beside you.
It's my apron. Aren't you glad it's white?"

Busy little Margie in the meadow,
Seeking flowers for her picnic play,
Daisies make such cunning pats of butter,
When she pulls the long white fringe away!

By the fence tall buttercups are lingering,
Their yellow petals floating on the breeze,
The large green seed cups Margie gathers, saying,
"These taste good! We can pretend they're cheese."

Late roses drop their petals, pink and fragrant,
Into the little, eager, outstretched hand.
"Dolly will think they're *just* as nice as cookies,
If only I can make her understand!"

By the brook two strawberries are lingering,
Margie adds them to her frugal store.
"Only two, my dear, but they're so pretty;
And we can pretend there's plenty more!"

Merry little Margie in the meadow,
Sings and plays the happy morning through,
"Don't you think our picnic is the best-est?
Say yes, Dolly. I'll pretend you do!"

With the evening, homeward come the children,
Baskets empty, tired with their day;
It was grand fun—camping on the mountain!
Margie *was* too little for such play.

Maggie smiles and tells her humble story.
She has been as happy as the best,
"Such things as she had" she found sufficient,
And she could imagine all the rest.

You were not too little, precious Margie,
Busy with your flowers, and your play,
To have taught a lesson of contentment,
To one lonely heart, that summer day!
—*Christian Union.*

THE HUMAN FIGURE.

The proportions of the human figure are six times the length of the feet. Whether the form is slender or plump, the rule holds good; any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead, where the hair begins, to the chin is one-tenth of the whole statue. The hand, from the wrist to the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point of the forehead is a seventh. If the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the places where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The height from the feet to the top of the head, is the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

A SPIDER'S INSTINCT.

Spiders crawling more abundantly and conspicuously than usual upon the indoor walls of houses foretell the near approach of rain; but the following anecdote shows that some of their habits are the equally certain indication of frost being at hand. Quartermaster Disjonval, seeking to beguile the tedium of his eight years of prison life at Utrecht, had studied attentively the habits of the spider. In December of 1794 the French army, on whose success his restoration to liberty depended, was in Holland, and victory seemed certain if the frost, then of unprecedented severity, continued. The Dutch Envoy had failed to negotiate a peace, and Holland was despairing, when the frost suddenly broke. The Dutch were now exulting, and the French Generals prepared to retreat; but the spider warned Disjonval that the thaw would be of short duration. He contrived to communicate with the army of his countrymen, and its Generals relied upon his assurance that within a few days the water would again be passable by troops. They delayed their retreat. Within twelve days the frost had returned, and the French army triumphed.—*Harper's Young People.*

"IT MAKES ALL WRONG."

"Please, father, is it all wrong to go pleasuring on the Lord's day? My teacher says it is."

"Why, child, perhaps it is not exactly right."

"Then it is wrong, isn't it, father?"

"O, I don't quite know that; if it is only once in a while."

"Father, you know how fond I am of sums?"

"Yes, John, I'm glad you are; I want you to do them well, and be quick and clever at figures; but why do you talk of sums just now?"

"Because, father, if there is one little figure put wrong in a sum, it makes it all wrong, however large the amount is."

"To be sure, child, it does."

"Then, please father, don't you think if God's day is put wrong now and then, it makes all wrong?"

"Put wrong, child—how?"

"I mean, father, put to a wrong use."

"That brings it very close," said the father, as if speaking to himself; and then added, "John, it is wrong to break God's holy Sabbath. He has forbidden it, and your teacher was quite right."

"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."—*Kind Words.*

Pleasantries.

Gloves last the longest with the lady who has a diamond ring.

A paper that is always full of good points—A paper of needles.

An exchange says that the hardest thing to raise on a farm, is the hired man in the morning.

The blackberry is so named because it is blue, in order to distinguish it from the blueberry, which is black.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The right kind of a boy with a pea-shooter can take a man's mind off his business troubles and politics quicker than anything else in this bleak, cold world.

A Bostonian who was nominated for a political office, went to his wife and said that before he accepted he wanted to know whether any member of her family had ever been engaged in any disreputable transactions. She said, "Better decline."

Some fellow has devised a machine that will "add up a column of figures a foot long" in six seconds. We should think "figures a foot long" would be easier to add than the little fellows, only an eighth of an inch in length. But perhaps it don't mean that. The column may be a foot long.—*Independent.*

An Orange county, N. Y., man was not surprised when the conductor of a Fourth avenue car stopped and held the bell-rope while he jumped on board, and said, "Much obliged to you; makes me feel as if I was to home. We never let a stranger walk along the road up our way when we can let him catch a chance ride with us. It's sort of neighborly, you know. What! want six cents? Oh! that's for the toll. Well, we always pay the toll when we get a ride for nothing. I suppose that was the toll-gate." And he pointed to the station of the elevated railroad.—*N. Y. Herald.*

Religious Intelligence.

Home.

The oldest Congregational church in Rhode Island recently celebrated its one hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary.

Two Lutheran Synods in Illinois and adjacent States have united in one Synod, to be known as the Synod of Illinois. The united Synod contains twenty-two ministers.

By the recent gift of $3,000 from Mrs. S. L. Crozer, the scholarship fund of the Crozer Theological Seminary, at Upland, in Delaware county, is now $18,000, the income of which is used to aid the students.

The receipts of the Boards of the Presbyterian church in the month of May were as follows: Home Missions, $11,648.11; Foreign Missions, $10,222; Sustentation, $633 03; Education, $3,584.83; Publication (Missionary Department), $3,757.05; Relief Fund, $2,809.16; Freedmen, $5,864.77.

In the General Association of the Congregational churches of Massachusetts it was reported that out of 528 churches in the State 510 have a sermon in the morning, but in regard to the afternoon and evening there is great diversity. Four hundred and fifty have different services on different evenings.

The colored people seem backward in joining the Episcopal church. The Bishop of Virginia, in an address to the recent council of that diocese, said that only fifty colored persons had been confirmed by him during the past year, but he trusted that in two years there would be as many applicants for confirmation from the colored as from the white race.

Abroad.

The Evangelical Bible Society in Russia will celebrate on March 14 26, 1881, the anniversary of its existence for fifty years in its present form.

A copy of the first edition of the Old Testament in Dutch, printed at Delft in 1477, was recently exhibited at a conversazione given by the Lord Mayor of London.

When the first Protestant church in Japan was started, eight years ago, the first $1,000 towards its erection was sent by Christian converts of the Hawaiian Islands. Now more than 25,000 native communicants are reported in the Japanese mission churches.

There are in all eighteen different evangelical societies at work in Syria in the matter of secular, moral and Christian education, which have together 1,000 communicants, 4,500 average total of Sunday congregations, 80 foreign preachers and teachers, and 300 native helpers. This in a total population of 209,000.

Two very interesting manuscripts have been found in a volume from the library of St. Ambrose on Mount Athos. Compared with the incomplete manuscript which the Vatican possesses, they are easily recognized as authentic from the fact that they agree perfectly with the torn parts wanting in the Vatican manuscript.

The various Protestant denominations have in Japan 117 male and female missionaries, an increase of 13 since 1878; 64 organized churches, an increase of 20; 2,701 baptized adult converts, an increase of 1,084; 2,511 Sunday-school scholars, an increase of 655; 16 ordained native pastors, an increase of 7; 4 theological schools with 87 theological students, and 94 unordained native preachers and catechists. In the hospitals under the charge of missionaries 13,286 patients have been treated.

One of the significant signs of the advance of missions is the fact that a Christian church was lately dedicated within the Palace enclosure of the capital of Madagascar. It is a large, fine church, and is designed for the worship of the Queen and her court. The dedication services were conducted by the native pastors and by the missionaries of the London Missionary Society. It is a fact of interest that the Prime Minister of the Kingdom read the proclamation which was issued when the first stone of the building was laid, and added an interesting historical account of the progress of religion, holding in his hand one of the first Bibles printed in the Malagasy language, and explaining the constitution of the royal church.

When the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was formed in 1701 there were probably not twenty clergymen of the Church of England in foreign parts. Now the position which the church holds in the colonies and dependencies of England, and in many parts of heathendom, is recognized by all. In those regions where the Society has labored there are—including the American Church, the first-fruits of the seed-sowing—135 Bishops, more than 5,000 clergy, and upwards of 2,000,000 members of the communion. There have been 593 missionaries engaged, of whom 152 have labored in Asia, 125 in Africa, 65 in Australasia and the Pacific, 256 in America and West Indies, and two in Europe. There are also about 1,395 catechists and lay teachers, mostly natives, and about 259 missionary students. These students are in colleges situated abroad.

There are three prominent religions in China at present, Confucianism, Taoism and Buddhism, but no person is exclusively of either. A Chinaman is a religious triangle, and, when he becomes a Christian, Christianity wins a triumph over three opposing faiths at once, one of which has laid hold of the intellect, another of the conscience, and the third the affections of the people. The blending of these is seen in the fact that while Confucianism is theoretically the only religion of the state, Taoism furnishes the gods of literature and of war, as well as the patron gods of each city and town, while Buddhist priests must be invited to assist in religious ceremonies, and the whole resolve themselves into the worship of gods and ancestors. Buddhist and Taoist priests attend the same weddings and funerals, and pray side by side, as if their systems of religion were identical in origin and purpose, with merely an accidental difference of name.

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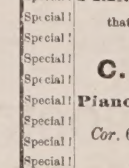

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Arr. Carlisle,	9:00 "	2:35 "	5:20 "	9:43 "
" Chambersb'g	10:30 "	4:00 "	6:45 "	11:0 "
" Hagerstown	11:30 "	5:00 "		
" Martinsburg	12:20 P. M.	6:20 "		

* Leaves Philadelphia 5:30 P. M.

DOWN TRAINS.

Lve. Martinsburg		6:30 A. M.		2:30 P. M
" Hagerstown		8:00 "		3:30 "
" Chambersb'g	4:30 A. M.	9:00 "	1:00 P. M.	4:35 "
" Carlisle	5:45 "	10:20 "	2:20 "	6:00 "
Arr. Harrisburg*	6 40 "	11:20 "	3:20 "	7:00 "

* Arrives at Philadelphia 10:10 A. M.

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General News.

HOME.

The Egyptian Obelisk has arrived safely at New York, but red-tape seems to stand in the way of landing it. The Park Commissioners say they have no authority to receive it, as the monolith was a gift to the United States, and there is no official warrant for giving it a place. It is said the whole expense of bringing it to this country is to be defrayed by Wm. H. Vanderbilt.

A reunion of the delegates of the United States Christian Commission is to be held at Chautauqua Lake, N. Y., on Saturday, August 7th. The meetings will be presided over by Mr. Geo. H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, who was the very efficient President of the Commission during its entire existence. General Clinton B. Fisk, Philip Phillips, Rev. John O Foster, and many other prominent delegates will be present. The Fisk Jubilee Singers will also be there. An excursion ticket issued by the Pennsylvania Railroad, from Philadelphia, via this route, costs $15. Should any desire to extend their journey and embrace in the homeward trip Niagara Falls, the Hudson River and New York, the ticket would cost $23. The event will be one of unusual interest. An invitation to all delegates or their friends is cordially extended.

The steam yacht Mamie, having on board an excursion party of twenty-four persons, was run into and sunk by the steamer Garland, in the Detroit River, about nine miles from Detroit, on Thursday night. Sixteen of those on board the Mamie were drowned. The moon was shining brightly at the time, and the disaster can only be accounted for by the grossest blundering or by criminal carelessness. The Garland had on board 1200 persons, also returning from an excursion, and it is believed she was racing with another steamer. The party on the Mamie was made up largely of persons belonging to Trinity Roman Catholic Church at Detroit. Father Bleyenberg, pastor, with a number of acolytes and boys who officiated with him were on their return from an annual excursion to Monroe, and very few of the boys escaped a watery grave.

A terrible accident occurred near New York on the morning of the 21st inst., by the caving in of a portion of the temporary entrance of the Hudson River Tunnel, at Jersey City, twenty-one persons losing their lives. There were twenty-eight men in the tunnel when the accident occurred, and of these seven rushed into the air-lock and escaped. The others were instantly killed. When the roof gave way a large volume of water rushed in, filling the tunnel and working shaft. A large force of men was immediately set to work to dig down to the shaft in order to recover the bodies. Twenty-eight men had gone into the tunnel for an eight-hour shift, and they were at work, little thinking of danger, when a number of the men who were working in the temporary entrance—between the working shaft and the tunnel proper—heard the air escaping from the portion of the shaft in which they were, with a noise like the blowing off of steam from a boiler. They hastened to the place whence the noise came, and found that a break was forming in the roof, where the iron plates of the shaft in which they were came up to the brick-work of the outside of the wall of the working shaft. For a few moments they hoped that they might be able to close the rapidly widening opening, through which the air was rushing, and they struggled hard with it, but in vain. They were too late. The little air-hole that might have been stopped with a handful of clay at first had extended so rapidly that they could not keep pace with it. As the air rushed out the seam grew wider, and earth and water began to come in. The bolts in the iron work snapped and the braces began to quiver. No time was to be lost if the men were to save themselves. With a shout to those who were working further back in the tunnel, the men in front sprang for the air-lock, hoping through it to make their escape, but in vain.

FOREIGN.

Naples, July 25.—An eruption of Mount Vesuvius began to-day. A sharp shock of earthquake was felt here to day.

The Sultan of Turkey has not accepted the recommendation of the powers of Europe in regard to the cession of territory to Greece, and war is immanent.

Madrid, July 25.—A despatch from Manila says another earthquake shock occurred there on Saturday, doing much damage. No details have been received.

London, July 26 —The *Daily News* despatch from Madrid says the total loss of life by the earthquakes at Manila is estimated at 310, including 200 Chinamen. Almost every family is houseless.

London, July 24.—A St. Petersburg despatch says: "The Czar, fearing that suspicion might arise that a one-sided arrangement might be made between Russia and Greece, asked the King of Greece to postpone his visit to St. Petersburg."

London, July 24.—A despatch from St. Petersburg says: "It must not be supposed that a revolutionary spirit has been exercised. A large proportion of the Nihilist leaders have been captured or driven abroad, and the intelligent classes are more hopeful and contented under General Melikoff's wise and liberal rule; but the roots of the social malady are deep-seated, and that the Nihilists have not lost either hope or energy is shown by the appearance of a new number of the *Narodnia Volia*, covering six pages of close double column octavo."

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Stoystown charge, Rev J S Wagner, pastor, Friedens cong $3.75, Stoystown cong, $3.20, Mt Tabor cong $3.13, Hooversville cong, $2.00.	12 08
	$32 08

Thank-offering for Result of Peace Commission.

Berlin chge, Rev S R Bridenbaugh, pastor,	$210 00
Stoystown charge, Rev J S Wagner, pastor, viz.: Mt Tabor cong $37.45, Stoystown cong, $39 35, Friedens cong $8.80, Hooversville cong $8.90, Lamberts cong $0.95.	97 45
	$307 45

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MILTON ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

We acknowledge with gratitude the following contributions from the Reformed Church at large for the rebuilding of the Reformed Church at Milton, Pa.:

St Paul's Memorial ch, Reading, Pa, Rev B Bausman, D D, pastor, $100.00; Rev T C Leinbach's chg, Womelsdorf, Pa, 30.25; Zion's Ref ch, Allentown, Rev N Strassberger, pastor, 25.29; 1st ch, Reading, Pa, Rev H Mosser, pastor, 50.00; Benevolent Society Ref ch, Emmittsburg, Md, Rev Abner Kremer, pastor, 8.00; Ref ch, Riegelsville, Pa, Rev J Calvin Leinbach, pastor, 43.00; Ev Ref ch, Frederick City, Md, Rev E R Eschbach, D D, pastor, 125 00; New Goshenhoppen charge, Rev C Z Weiser, D D, pastor, 151.25; Ref ch, Boyertown, Pa, Rev L J Mayer, pastor, 53.42; Tulpehocken chg, Pa, Rev C H Leinbach, D D, pastor, 60.00; Schwartzwald chg, Pa, Rev A S Leinbach, pastor, 18.80; First ch, Lebanon, Pa, Rev F W Kremer, D D, pastor, additional, 8.00; Hummelstown chg, Rev A R Thompson, pastor, 15.00.

The following amounts have been contributed for my individual use, for which I acknowledge my indebtedness:

C P W Fisher, M D, Boalsburg, Centre Co, Pa $4.00; Rev W W Deatrick, Centreville, Somerset Co, Pa, 5.00; Rev J Hassler, Mercersburg, Pa, 1.00; Bernville chg, Rev T C Leinbach, 8.75; from a friend in Shenandoah Co, Va 20.00.

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Ziegler, Rev A F, Zimmerman, H.

THE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, July 24, 1880.

[The prices here given are wholesale.]

FLOUR. Small sales of Pennsylvania extras at $3 50@4; Minnesota extras, in lots, old stock, good, $5.50; do. do., fresh ground, good, $6; 500 barrels do. do. do., choice, $6.12½@6 25; 500 barrels do. do., straight, $6.35@6.50; 100 barrels Pennsylvania extra family, good, $5.25; 100 barrels Ohio do. do., good, $5 85; 200 bushels do. do. do., choice, $6.15, and 300 barrels of Minnesota patents at $7.25@7.75.

RYE FLOUR is firm and 12½c. ℔ barrel higher; sales of 100 barrels at $4.37½.

CORN MEAL was quiet and steady at $3.

WHEAT.—Sales of 1,600 bushels, rejected, on track, at $1.01@1.05; 1,200 bushels Delaware amber, on track, at $1.10@1.11; 5,000 bushels No. 2 red, Aug., at $1.07⅞, and 1,600 bushels No. 2 red, elevator, at $1.10@1.10½. At the open Board, first call, there were no sales. At the second call it was quiet, and closed without business as follows: No. 2 red, July, $1.10½ bid, $1.11 asked; August, $1.07½ bid, $1.08 asked; September, $1.07½ bid, $1.08¼ asked; October, $1.08½ bid, $1.09¼ asked.

RYE was steady at 70c. for new and 80c. for old Pennsylvania.

CORN.—Sales of about 6,000 bushels, including yellow, track and grain depot, which is very scarce, at 51@51½; 2,500 bushels mixed do. do., at 50½c; 1,500 bushels rejected at 48@48½c; steamer at 47@48c., including 800 bushels steamer white, at 44c. At the open Board, first call, there were no sales. At the second call it was quiet and about steady, closing as follows: Sail mixed, July, 45⅝c. bid and 48⅜c. asked; do., August, 48⅜c. bid and 49½c. asked; do., September, 49½c. bid and 49⅜c. asked; do., October, 49⅜c. bid and 50½c. asked.

OATS. Sales of 800 bushels No. 1 white at 43c.; 1,400 bushels No. 2 do. at 42c.; 2 800 bushels No. 3 do. at 39@40c.; 2,100 bushels rejected at 33@35c., and some mixed at 35@36c. At the open Board they were dull, closing as follows: No. 2 white, July, 40½c. bid and 44c. asked; do., August, 34½c. bid and 35½c. asked; do., September, 34½c. bid and 35½c. asked.

GROCERIES. Coffee was in limited request at former prices. Sales of 250 bags ordinary to good Rio at 14@15½c.; 200 bags fair to good Laguayra at 14½@15c.; 400 bags good Santos at 15½c. and 50 mats good Java at 22½c. Sugar—There are no offerings, and the market is strong with 7 11-16@7 13-16c. bid for fair to good refining muscavados. Refined Sugars were quiet and steady, closing at 10½c. for cut loaf; 10⅜c. for crushed and powdered; 10⅛c. for granulated, and 9⅞c. for mould A. Molasses was dull. We quote from 35 to 38c. for 50 deg. test, as in quality. Rice was dull and weak at 6@7¼c. for common to choice Carolina.

PROVISIONS. We quote Mess Pork at $13.50@14; shoulders in salt, 5½c.; do. smoked, 5⅞@6c.; pickled bellies at 7@8c, as to average; do. shoulders, 5½@5⅞c. Loose butchers' Lard, 6⅞@7c.; prime steam do. $7.25; city kettle refined do. at 7¾@8c. Beef Hams at $21.50@22; smoked do., 15@16c.; sweet pickled Hams, 8½@9½c., as to average; extra India Mess Beef, $16, f. o. b.; family, $11.50; packet do., $10.50.

BUTTER. We quote creamery extras at 25@26c.; do. good to choice 22@24c.; imitation creamery, 14@20c., as to quality; Bradford tubs, extras, 23c.; York State tubs, extras, 23c.; fair to good, 19@21c.; Western dairy, fancy, 19@20c.; do., fair to good at 13@15c.; factory packed, 13@16c., as to quality; common grades, 8@9c., Rolls, 10@17c., the latter for strictly choice. Prints—Fancy at 30@32c.; do. firsts at 25@28c.; do. seconds at 15@22c.

EGGS. We quote Western at 13@13½c. for strictly fresh, and at 11@12c. for inferior; choice near by marks at 14c.

CHEESE. We quote New York factory, choice, at 10@10½c.; fair to good do. 8¾@9c.; half skims do. 7@7½c.; soft skims do., 5½@6¼c.; hard skims, do., 3@4c.; Ohio, choice, 8½@8⅝c.; do., fair to good, 7½@7⅝c.; do., half skims, 6½@6⅝c.; do., soft skims, 4½@5¼c.; do., hard skims, 3@4c.

LIVE POULTRY. We quote old Chickens at 11@12c and spring at 13@14c.

HAY AND STRAW. We quote choice North Pennsylvania timothy Hay at $24@25; prime Western and York State do. at $21@22; fair and choice mixed do. at $20@21. Rye Straw at $18@20 for new; oat do. at $10 and wheat do. at $9@10 ℔ ton.

SEEDS.—Choice Clover was scarce and firm at 7⅞@8c., while low grades were quiet and unchanged at 7½@7¾c. Timothy was steady at $3. Flax was not offered.

FEED was fair in demand and firm, with sales of 5 cars winter Bran at $16.25@16.50; 1 of spring at $16.25; 1 of middlings at $22.50 ℔ ton.

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